THE MARION DAILY STAR.

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Washington Dispatches

One Day's Doings at the Treasury Department.

EXTRA AMOUNT OF WORK DONE.

Steps Being Taken to Relieve the Present Stringency in the Money Market. Purchase of Four-Per-Cents—Interest to Be Paid in Advance—Other Dispatches from the National Capital.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 13.—Gen. Nettleton, assistant secretary of the treasury, in response to the inquiries on the subject by a reporter of the United Press last night, made the following statement: "The treasury department today, in addition to its regular disbursements, which are unusually heavy, paid out $[illegible] on account of bond purchases and advance interest as follows: Interest prepaid, $1,065,034; redemption of four and a-half per cent. bonds, $545,-650; purchase of four per cent. bonds, $750,000.

The four-per-cents purchased to-day were accepted at 125. This is the first considerable purchase of four per cents. for some time, and the price paid is 1 per cent. above that heretofore paid under the circular of July 19. It is thought that there may be an impression among holders of four-per-cent. bonds that the government has withdrawn from the market for four-per-cents. This is not the fact, as the treasury is ready to take a considerable amount of fours if they are to be had.

The inquiry instituted yesterday by the secretary of the treasury develops the fact that the total balance of duties due on all imported merchandise in bond at the port of New York on Sept. 1, was only $17,500,000. Only a moderate portion of these goods will be subject to increased duty under the schedule in the new tariff bill. These facts would seem to indicate that anxiety based on this feature of the situation has been largely without foundation.

"As to further measures of relief, in so far as the existing stringency can reasonably be said to be due to the inevitable operations of existing laws governing the collection and disbursement of the government revenues, the treasury department will not hesitate to apply such effective remedies as the law permits and the situation requires. The secretary of the treasury, on his return to Washington from New England, will be in New York to-morrow, and will adopt such a course as shall seem to him timely and calculated to meet the difficulty as it exists."

It is said that one of the minor measures of relief for the market that may be adopted by the treasury will be the payment in advance of a year's interest on the $65,000,000 of government bonds known as currency sixes.

No Cause for a Flurry.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 13.—Secretary Rusk, of the agricultural department, commenting on the flurry created by the last government crop report says that he sees nothing alarming in the present situation. The report, he says, was based on advices of 10,000 correspondents all over the country, and represent the present condition of the crops. The fact that operators in futures and other persons have not proper information as to the growing crops, he intimated, was the cause of the flurry. With the exception of oats and barley, he said, the average of other crops, as shown in the report, was fair.

An Old Veteran's Death.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 13.—The body of Michael Bryson, an old Mexican war veteran, an inmate of the soldiers' home, was found in the little lake near the home yesterday morning. It is supposed that coming home late at night, Bryson fell into the lake and drowned. Several drowning accidents similar to this have occurred in this lake within a few years of old soldiers who have made too many stops when on their way home from the various liquor saloons and low resorts that are to be found along the roads leading out to the soldier's home.

Senate and House Proceedings.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 13.—The senate yesterday listened to Mr. Morgan's concluding argument in opposition to the conference report on the land grant forfeiture bill, and to the opening argument of Mr. Sanders in support of the report, and adjourned without action on the report.

The house received the tariff bill with senate amendments which, by direction of the speaker, was referred to the committee on ways and means, but for lack of a quorum no business was transacted, and the house at 1:55 p. m. adjourned.

Vessels to Be Quarantined.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 13.—The department of state has been officially notified that the Danish government has issued an order requiring all vessels arriving at ports of the Danish West Indies from Spanish ports, to remain in quarantine for ten days.

Nevada's Population.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 13.—The census office to-day announced the population of the state of Nevada. The total population is [illegible], which is a decrease, as compared with the population of 1880, of [illegible] or [illegible] per cent.

Four Inches of Snow in North Dakota.

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 13.—The Journal's Ardoch, N. D., special says: Snow began falling here at 5 a. m., yesterday and now lies four inches deep on the ground. Threshing is delayed at least a week.

Colored Men Drowned.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 13.—Two unknown colored men belonging to a Baltimore schooner were drowned opposite Gloucester yesterday afternoon.

CENTRAL STRIKE OVER.

Closing Scenes at Albany Almost Create a Riot.

ALBANY, Sept. 13.—The strike on the New York Central and Hudson River railroad seems to be over as far as Albany is concerned. The closing scene was enacted last night at the Lark street rink when the men were advised to get back to their places. Edward Rowan called the meeting to order, and he was threatened and hooted by two or three of the audience for saying that the strike was still on.

John J. Hart was called upon when the disorder had somewhat subsided, but his address called for the wildest excitement, and it seemed that a riot was imminent. Mr. Hart said that there would be money here by Monday and he was [illegible]. One man asserted that the leaders were living high and paying the expensive strikers' counsel instead of giving bread to hungry men and their families.

Master Workman Dulin then got the floor and said: "You are a lot of d—n white-livered curs and you will sneak back to work because a number of dirty paid newspapers say the strike is over."

During this speech it looked as though the meeting would break up in a general row. Men were cursing each other and the leaders of the order in a frightful manner. When Master Workman Dulin's voice could be heard above the tumult, he was heard to advise the men in a few words, choked with sarcasm and rage, to get back to their places. All the speakers spoke harshly of the newspapers. The meeting broke up in confusion.

Denver Switchmen Strike.

DENVER, Sept. 13.—The switchmen in the local yards of the Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf roads struck yesterday. After being closeted for two hours with General Manager Meek they obtained no satisfaction, and the strike followed. The grievance is a demand for the removal of Assistant Superintendent Burns. A detachment of police is now on the ground, as violence is feared.

No Strike on the Santa Fe.

CHICAGO, Sept. 13.—There is no truth in the statement circulated yesterday that a general strike is probable on the Santa Fe system. A meeting of general committee of engineers and firemen representing the road is being held at McCoy's hotel. The men say they have no grievances that cannot be settled by arbitration.

THE BROOKLYN INSTITUTE.

Fire Damages the Building to the Extent of Fifty Thousand Dollars.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 13.—Fire was discovered in the upper part of the historical building known as the Brooklyn Institute at 6 o'clock yesterday evening. The flames were extinguished in about an hour, but the roof of the building was destroyed and the rear portion entirely gutted. The library, consisting of about 20,000 volumes on the lower floor, was considerably damaged by water. A number of valuable paintings in the auditorium were taken out uninjured.

A portion of the rear wall fell against the wall of the home for destitute women and children, abutting, and created a panic among the ninety-two inmates, but they were got out safely. The loss will not exceed $50,000, covered by insurance. This is the third fire that has occurred in the institute within six months, and the fifth since its erection, the most disastrous occurring in 1861.

Killing a Striker Not a Crime.

DU BOIS, Pa., Sept. 13. In the Brookville court the cases against Andrew Nichols and Frank McGovern, coal and iron police, serving at Punxsutawney while the Walston and Adrian miners were on a strike last winter and spring, charged with killing a Hungarian and an Italian, have been dismissed without the formality of a trial. The court decided that the officers were acting in self-defense and in the performance of their duties. These are the last of a long series of cases in the Jefferson county court growing out of that strike.

Counterfeit Silver Certificates.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 13.—Within the last two days, three counterfeit $5 silver certificates have turned up in this city, indicating a probable attempt to flood the city with the spurious notes. The first to discover the counterfeits was the Mechanics bank, and yesterday one was offered at the Tradesman's bank. The counterfeit is easy of detection, the engraving and paper being of poor quality.

Stage Robbed by Masked Highwaymen.

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. [illegible] The postmaster at Fort Bidwell, Cal., telegraphs that the stage on the route between [illegible] and [illegible] was held up and robbed by masked highwaymen [illegible] the mail and [illegible] taken [illegible] the robbers [illegible] unknown.

An Indian Fight.

TOPEKA, Kan., Sept. 13.—Yesterday [illegible] two bands of Pottawatomies [illegible] as the big soldier [illegible] the Little Soldier band [illegible] in Jackson county [illegible] department's order requiring them to [illegible]. A fight occurred in which three of the leaders were killed and several others were wounded.

Niagara Tunnel Contract Signed.

NIAGARA FALLS, Sept. 13.—A telegram has just been received here from W. B. Rankin, secretary of the Cataract Construction company, stating that the contract for building the tunnel was signed yesterday afternoon. There is great rejoicing on the streets over the news which has been so anxiously awaited for nearly four years. All the papers issued extra editions last night.

Just How It Was Done.

A Review of Business for the Past Week.

DUN & COMPANY'S LAST REPORT.

A Previous Warning as to the Money Market Fully Fulfilled—The Passage of the Tariff Bill Slightly Affects the Wool Market—Condition of the Other Markets—Failures of the Week.

NEW YORK, Sept. 13.—R. G. Dun & Company's weekly review of trade says: The past week has fully justified those who gave warning that the monetary ease, caused by treasury disbursements, could be but temporary. The market here has been tight, with extreme rates paid in some cases. At Boston and Philadelphia monetary pressure also affects business; at Chicago the market is somewhat firmer and the demand active; at St. Louis it is stiff at 7 to 8 per cent.; at Kansas City more firm; at Omaha a trifle close; at Milwaukee very active and to some extent disturbed by a large lumber failure in the interior; at Detroit the demand is strong at 7 per cent.; at Cleveland the tightness is rightly ascribed to the volume of business; at Pittsburg the demand is fair at 6 to 7 per cent., and only at New Orleans, of all the cities reporting, is the market easier.

The immediate fright at New York was about supposed enormous demands for payment of duties if the new tariff should go into effect Oct. 1. The fact as officially reported is that less than $20,000,000 would pay full duties on all goods in warehouse on which the rates have increased, but no one supposes that the entire quantity would be taken out. The pressure has caused considerable decline in stocks, the average having fallen about $2.50 per share since Aug. 25. Breadstuffs had not been strong until Thursday, the latest information as to yield being generally more favorable. Lard and hogs were stronger, and the report that cotton was in condition a shade lower than last year caused a rise of a sixteenth, with sales of 596,000 bales for the week. The exports of wheat fall far behind last year's, and the decrease in corn is also heavy. Other products have changed much in price, though oil is two and three-quarter cents lower.

The reports from other cities indicate no slackening of activity on account of monetary difficulty at any point west or south of Philadelphia. The reports as to collections are almost uniformly satisfactorily. The crops are moving fast, prices encouraging farmers, but do not go forward to consumers as rapidly. At Boston the wool trade is much more active, and at Chicago there is a steady increase over last year in movement of dry goods, boots and shoes, clothing and meats. St. Louis reports strong trade nearly in all lines, and from other points the accounts are of similar tenor.

The weekly output of iron rises again to 171,776 tons, against 164,798 Aug. 1, and 134,068 a year ago. The market for pig iron is weaker. Greater activity in the woolen manufactures is shown by the rapid rise in sales, and the speedy passage of the tariff bill is anticipated as a basis for larger operations. The activity in dry goods is everywhere increased. The coal trade has done nothing to speak of at August circular prices, and the demand here is below expectations. The minor metals are strong, though for copper the present demand is light. In short there is every reason to look for a large and prosperous business, if the pressure in money markets is met.

The business failures for the past seven days number for the United States 167, Canada 26, total 193, as compared with a total of 203 last week, 189 week previous to the last. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 193, representing 170 in the United States and 23 in Canada.

EVENTFUL LIFE ENDED.

Death of the Man That Ran the First Steamboat Across the Gulf of Mexico.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 13.—Joseph Bell, aged 77, the well-known machinist, died suddenly of heart trouble at the Germania hotel, at 8:30 a. m. yesterday. Mr. Bell came to Cincinnati with his father in 1816, and for fifty years was engaged in the machine, iron and brass foundry business, much of the time under the firm name of Lyon & Bell.

He was the constructor of some of the largest sugar mills, steamboat, shop and general machinery. He was the first to introduce the western steamboat in the rivers of Mexico and ran the first boat across the Gulf of Mexico. He designed and erected the first Dulci machinery in the Island of Cuba.

He was a pioneer in the construction of machinery in this section. He was ever the friend of the worthy, however poor, and lent a helping hand to the distressed.

Mr Bell was a lieutenant of the English army, and through his military knowledge was appointed drill master of the soldiers of the old Fort Washington, located at the time in this place. His sons James E. and Thomas J. Bell were both superintendents of the Cincinnati water works. He will be buried from his son's residence, Thomas J. Bell, No. 1[illegible] East Locust street.

A Ten Round Fight.

NEW YORK, Sept. [illegible] The match take-place [illegible] with small gloves between the heavyweights, Mike Boden [illegible] of Montana, and Tommie McCarthy of Buffalo, champion of western New York took place last night at the Knickerbocker rink, in a quiet New Jersey town. After fighting ten rounds the fight was declared a draw.

REVOLUTION IN SWITZERLAND.

It Proves a Very Interesting Topic in London—Other Foreign News.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—The news of revolution in Switzerland is the most interesting topic of the hour. Details of the uprising are difficult to procure, the Federal authorities having maintained a telegraph censorship which would do credit to the more despotic neighbors of little democracy.

From the pains taken to check communication between the disaffected canton and outside world, and from the absence of any encouraging official announcement by the Federal council, it is feared that the revolt may be more widespread in its effects than the brief dispatches permitted to pass the censorship would indicate.

Ticino, the canton now in rebellion, has, however, a more turbulent record than her sister cantons, and the news of the present trouble is therefore less alarming than if the offending canton was one of those which had always maintained a peaceable and loyal demeanor.

The Southampton Strike Ended.

SOUTHAMPTON, Sept. 13.—At a meeting of the striking dockers yesterday it was resolved that deputations from the workmen should wait upon individual employers and endeavor to arrange a settlement of the dispute. At the request of the magistrates four companies of infantry, who have been guarding the docks, have been withdrawn.

Mr. John Burns, in an interview last last night declared himself in favor of continuing the strike. Notwithstanding this the dockers returned to work this morning.

The secretary of the Seamen's and Firemen's union announces that the striking members of that union have resolved to leave town and seek work at other parts.

Strike Against the Baker.

LONDON, Sept. 13. The crew of the steamship State of Georgia deserted the vessel yesterday just as she was about to sail for New York. The cause of their action was that the baker employed on board was a non-union man and a request for his discharge had been refused.

Twenty Miners Entombed.

BERLIN, Sept. 13.—An explosion occurred yesterday in the Leederburg coal pit at Stassfurt. Twenty of the miners are imprisoned in the pit and their fate is doubtful.

Ericsson's Remains at Stockholm.

STOCKHOLM, Sept. 13.—The United States cruiser Baltimore, conveying the body of Ericsson, entered the harbor at 7:15 yesterday evening.

Blown Over a Precipice.

BERNE, Sept. 13.—A German tourist and two of his guides, who were ascending the Matterhorn, were blown over a precipice and killed.

A Long Swim.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—Dalton, the American swimmer, swam from Black Wall to Gravesend yesterday in six hours and a quarter.

Ravages of Cholera.

VALENCIA, Sept. 13.—There were thirty-one new cases of cholera and twenty deaths during the past twenty-four hours.

Who Says Winter'll Be Late.

HALLOCK, Minn., Sept. 13.—The rain which has been falling since Wednesday night turned to snow Friday morning. Farmers are afraid the wheat will sprout in the shock. An inch of snow is reported at St. Vincent. Threshing is not over and much wheat will be lost in the Red river valley.

THE MARKETS.

Review of the Stock, Money and Cattle Markets for Sept. 12

Wall Street.

Money on call was strong this morning, loaning as high as ¼ per cent. per diem and the legal rate of interest.

Exchange active and weak, posted rates, 482@[illegible]; actual rates, 481@481¼ for sixty days, and 484@484¼ for demand.

Governments steady; currency sixes, 114 bid; fours coupon, 124¼ bid; fours-and-a-halfs, 103¾ bid.

STOCK QUOTATIONS.

The following were the 1 p. m. figures:

Atchison	41	Mich Central	93[illegible]
C., B. & Q.	9[illegible]	N. Y. Central	10[illegible]
C. C. C. & St L	[illegible]	Northwestern	10[illegible]
Del & Hudson	1[illegible]	Ohio & Miss	2[illegible]
D. L. & W.	14[illegible]	Pacific Mail	4[illegible]
Erie	25	Rock Island	[illegible]
Lake Shore	10[illegible]	St Paul	6[illegible]
L. & N.	8[illegible]	West. Union	8[illegible]

Cincinnati.

WHEAT—98@$1 01.

CORN—47@53.

WOOL—Unwashed fine merino, 17@18; blood combing, [illegible]; medium delaine and combing, [illegible]; medium clothing, [illegible]; fine merino X and XX, [illegible]; clothing, [illegible].

CATTLE—[illegible]

HOGS—Select [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible]

SHEEP—$2 50@4 75.

LAMBS—$4 00@6 00.

Pittsburg.

CATTLE—Prime, $[illegible] [illegible]

HOGS—Philadelphia [illegible] Yorkers $4 [illegible] [illegible]

SHEEP—Extra, $[illegible]

LAMBS—$4 [illegible]

Chicago.

HOGS—Light [illegible]; heavy, $4 [illegible]

CATTLE—Extra [illegible]

SHEEP—$3 [illegible]

LAMBS—$4.75@5 [illegible]

Buckeye State News.

Items of Interest from Various Places.

A BIG FLOOD IN COLUMBUS.

The Scioto River Overflowed and the Southern Part of the City Inundated. One Bridge Entirely Destroyed and Another One Badly Damaged—Other State Dispatches.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 13. The Scioto river has overflowed its banks, and in the southern part of the city the machine shops and acres of land are under water. Much damage was done to the Mound street bridge, in the course of construction, and it was only by the heroic work of a large force of men that the levee was preserved, thus saving a large section of the city from inundation.

The Fishinger mill bridge near Dublin, which was nearly completed, is a total loss. The tunnel of the city water works has caved in making the water unfit to drink.

New Incorporations.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 12. Articles of incorporation were filed with the secretary of state yesterday as follows: The Davis Platform Binder company, Cleveland, increase from $500,000 to $600,000; Safety Cylinder Valve company, Mansfield, capital stock $25,000; First Society of Spiritualists, of Dayton; Steel Wagon and Manufacturing company, Bucyrus, capital stock $10,000.

Sensational Suit.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 13. Mrs. Minnie W. Strauser has brought a sensational suit against James H. Anderson, a prominent ex-banker of Columbus, for criminal assault. She claims that the defendant entered her father's office, and after locking the door criminally assaulted her, for which she asks $10,000 damages. It is regarded by the defendant as an attempted blackmail.

A Columbus, O., Sensation.

CHICAGO, Sept. 13.—A Herald special from Columbus, O., says: In a petition filed in the county court by Mrs. Minnie Strausser, she avers that Judge H. Anderson, one of the most prominent citizens of Columbus, criminally assaulted her last December in her father's office, and she asks for $10,000 damages. Anderson is a retired banker and was formerly consul to Frankfort.

Deed of a Drunken Farmer.

STEUBENVILLE, O., Sept. 13.—Alexander Dobbs, a farmer, was arrested yesterday for cutting his horse's throat. Dobbs was drunk and struck his horse, which jumped on his foot. This so enraged Dobbs that he plunged a knife into the animal's throat, severing the jugular vein.

Democratic Organization Completed.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 13. The Democratic state executive committee has decided to open the campaign at Circleville on the issue of radical tariff reform, the date to be determined hereafter. Capt. John A. Sarber was elected treasurer, thus completing the organization.

Will Declared Void.

LONDON, O., Sept. 13.—The jury in the celebrated Lane will case returned a verdict that the papers purporting to be the last will of Elizabeth Lane, were not the last will of the testatrix. This leaves $100,000 to be scattered among the heirs.

Accidentally Shot at a Shooting Match.

HILLSBORO, O., Sept. 13. Thomas Roads, a well known and prominent citizen of Rainsboro was accidentally shot and killed at a shooting match. The bullet struck the target and glanced off, striking Roads in the temple.

Tannery Burned.

BARNESVILLE, O., Sept. 13.—Reed & Albrecht's tannery burned yesterday morning before daylight. Loss $5,000 upon which there was $4,000 insurance.

Wreck on the Chicago and Grand Trunk.

DETROIT, Sept. 13. A special to The News from Vicksburg, Mich., says: A Chicago and Grand Trunk passenger train ran into a freight train at School Craft at 1 o'clock this morning, while the freight was taking the siding. Two freight cars and the caboose of the freight train were reduced to kindling. The engine of the passenger train, the baggage car and the smoking car were badly wrecked. The engineer and fireman of the passenger train were badly injured, and it is thought the engineer will die. Two brakemen were injured. All of the passengers escaped injury.

Death from Asphyxiation.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] over the field.

THE NEGRO QUESTION.

How Cardinal Gibbons Would Solve the Difficult Problem.

NEW YORK, Sept. 13. The United States African News company has made public a letter from Cardinal Gibbons in which he states his opinions as to the proper solution of the negro problem in this country and also advises the negroes how they may improve their social condition. The letter reads as follows:

"The negro problem is, indeed, one of most vexed questions that agitates the world to-day. Learned and well meaning men, who have brought much reflection and the purest of motives to the study of the subject, differ widely as to its best solution. For myself, I would offer two suggestions in this connection, which, if reflected upon and reduced to practice, will, I think, go far toward a solution of this most difficult question.

"First, it is conceded that a large proportion of the negroes of the United States are uneducated, ignorant to a deplorable extent of the most fundamental truths of Christianity and this, I cheerfully add, through no fault of theirs. What then is the first need of the colored people? A sound religious education: an education that will bring them to a practical knowledge of God, that will teach them their origin, and the sublime destiny that awaits them in a better world, an education that will develop their superior being, that will inspire them with the love of wisdom and hatred of sin, that will make them honest, moral god-fearing men. Such an education will elevate and ennoble them and place them on a religious footing with the white man.

"Furthermore, and secondly, it is a matter of observation that few colored people are mechanics. Now, to be a factor in their country's prosperity, to make their presence felt and to give any influence whatever to their attempts to better their status, it is absolutely necessary that besides a sound religious training they should be taught to be useful, practical citizens; they should be brought up from their childhood to habits of industry, they should be taught that to labor is honorable and that the idler is a menace to the commonwealth. Institutions should be founded wherein young men may learn the trades best suited to their inclinations. Thus equipped—on the one hand well instructed Christians, on the other skilled workmen—our colored people may look forward hopefully to the future, but until they have progressed so far it is useless to deal in speculations as to their true rights. I am happy to bear testimony from personal observations to the many virtues that are exhibited among so many of the colored population of Maryland; especially their deep sense of religion, their gratitude for favors bestowed, and their affectionate disposition."

A NEGRO'S CRIME.

He Stabs His Mistress and Then Takes His Own Life.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 13.—Ben. Chase, 22, colored, a bell-boy at the Gibson house, has been living for some time at 12 East Sixth street with Ida Farrell, a young mullato woman from Springfield, O. Thursday night when he returned for supper, he found her preparing to go to a colored ball. Chase became angry and declared she should not go.

The girl struggled to get out, when Chase seized her and plunged an ugly two-edged dirk into her bosom.

Then he attempted to escape, but the other tenants of the house, attracted by her screams, prevented him. He turned and stabbed himself, once below and once above the heart. Then to make death certain he leaped from the window to the sidewalk, thirty-five feet. He died at the hospital at 9 p. m.

The Farrell women's injury, while possibly not fatal, is extremely serious.

THE WATERS RISING AGAIN.

Another Heavy Rain Causes More Damage at Canisteo, N. Y.

CANISTEO, N. Y., Sept. 13.—It was thought that the flood at this village was over, but shortly after 7 o'clock yesterday evening a heavy rain set in, flooding the streets nearly to the depth of the water of the previous day. It is reported that a cloud-burst occurred near Hartville, about four miles west of here, which in part caused the high water.

At this hour the river is rising, and probably in the course of an hour or two will flood the portion of the village adjacent to it and cause much damage. Mails were received during the day, but the Erie is again blockaded by wash outs and travel is again impeded.

Japanese Oppose Electrocution.

NEW YORK, Sept. 13. The government of Japan, it is understood, is taking a lively interest in the case of a New York murderer now under sentence of electrocution. The case is that of Sataye Jugigo, the Japanese sailor, who [illegible] a fellow inmate of a [illegible] boarding house. [illegible] Kiie, the Japanese [illegible] at this port, has been [illegible] to institute proceedings on behalf of the condemned man, who [illegible] in Sing Sing awaiting [illegible] that was meted out to Kemmler. Some correspondence [illegible] passed between this country and Japan on the subject, and the intervention of the government [illegible] due to the assertion that electrocution is a cruel method of putting criminals to death.

Nothing in the Rumor.

CHICAGO, Sept. 13. The rumor of a consolidation of the Westinghouse Electric [illegible] company, of Pittsburg, and Pullman's Palace Car company, as telegraphed from Pittsburg, is denied by Mr. Pullman and Mr. Westinghouse. The story, it is said, originated from the fact that George Westinghouse Jr., is in this city arranging for the erection of shops at Pullman for use by the Westinghouse Electrical company in its motor business.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

TURNED BOTTOM UPWARD.

Miraculous Escape of a Crew of Yankee Fishermen on the Grand Banks.

HALIFAX, N. S., Sept. 13.—The steamer Miranda, from St. Johns, N. F., brought Capt. Griffin and fifteen men belonging to the Gloucester schooner Lizzie Griffin, which was lost on the Grand Banks. Capt. Griffin tells the following story of the loss of his vessel and the miraculous escape from death of the crew.

"We had only been on the banks a few days, and had hardly commenced fishing when, on Aug. 31, it commenced to blow a moderate gale from the southwest, which increased to a hurricane, with a heavy sea. Early on the morning of Sept. 1, while all hands, excepting the watch, were below asleep, a tremendous sea struck the vessel, turning her bottom up.

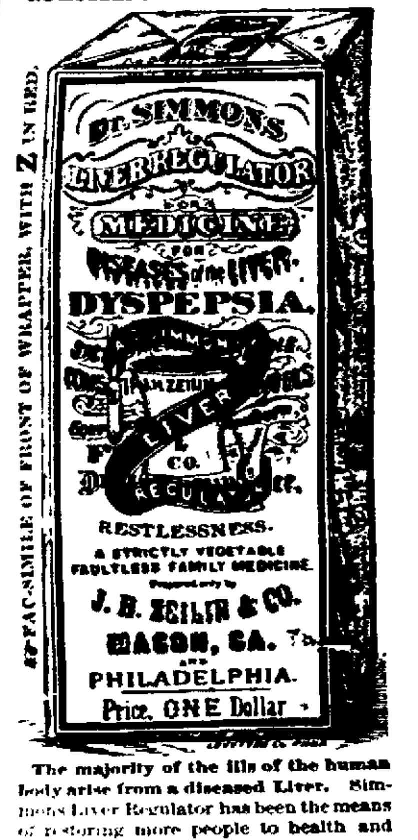
"Those below were suddenly awakened to find themselves clinging to what had been the floor of the cabin and the water pouring in upon them. After remaining down for about two minutes, the vessel gradually righted until she was on her beam ends. When the vessel righted both masts broke off. She was found to be leaking fast, the hull having been strained and damaged considerably. The pumps were manned and had to be worked continuously to keep her afloat.

"In the hope of attracting the attention of some passing vessel, the ensign was placed upside down on a staff made of two dory masts lashed together, and at about 1 o'clock in the afternoon it was observed by the schooner Sigfried, of Gloucester, which immediately came to our assistance, and after two hours hard work we were all taken on board of her safely, the Griffin disappearing beneath the waves shortly afterward."

"Just as Good."

Say some dealers who try to sell a substitute preparation when a customer calls for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not allow any such false statements as this to induce you to buy what you do not want. Remember that the only reason for making it is that a few cents more profit will be made on the substitute. Insist upon having the best medicine—Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is Peculiar to Itself.

NO HOUSEHOLD SHOULD BE WITHOUT



The majority of the ills of the human body arise from a diseased Liver. Simmons Liver Regulator has been the means of restoring more people to health and happiness by giving them a healthy Liver than any other agency on earth.

SEE THAT YOU GET THE GENUINE.

SOME LARGE STORIES

THEY WERE TOLD BY [illegible] VERACIOUS FISHERMEN

The Trout That Had One [illegible]—The Man Who Could Charm Frogs with His Fiddle—Which of the Lot Told the Best Yarn?

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—They were having a fish talk in the hotel corridor. Where the hotel was doesn't matter, and there was a visible desire in all to tell the best story.

"I know a pool in lower Canada," said the stout man in the corner, who [illegible]

THEY WERE HAVING A FISH TALK.

"the fisherman's twinkle," "in which there is a trout named Abe. When I say 'is a trout' I should say was a trout, for that trout's skin is now stuffed and in my dining room. He weighed eight pounds one and one-third ounces, and I took him on a six ounce rod.

"For many years, gentlemen," he went on, "Abe had defied the prowess of the mighty men with the fishing line, and there were some that cast over him who never knew defeat before. He used to lie alongside a ledge of rock which divided the stream, and below there was a pool, such a pool, gentlemen, as we may see in Paradise—nearly round, with a few flecks of foam floating over it, and below the dark depth. The men who tried for Abe cast into the pool and then drew the flies up alongside the fish. He would always break and look at the flies, but never strike, and as his brown back appeared for a moment the fisher's heart beat wildly. So far Abe was a success, and he was the most profanity provoking beast I ever knew. Now, I felt sure that the capture of that trout was not an impossibility for a man with good credit at his bank and a fair reputation in a horse trade, so I spent one day watching the other men fail. Then I had an idea. There was a little break in the ledge, through which a small current ran, and after twenty casts I got my fly—I only had one on—into this current and let it sweep down on the ledge side of the fish. He struck at once, but the leader caught on a point of rock and I lost him. I said nothing, but sawed wood for two days. Then I tried again, and this time I had him. It was a gallant fight, and after an hour's work he was on the grass. I found out the reason of the failures."

"What was it?" asked the gentleman from Kentucky.

"Abe had only one eye, and I had taken him on his blind side."

"A wall eyed trout ain't bad," began the gentleman from Michigan, lighting a fresh cigar, "but I knew a black bass once that could count."

"Count!" exclaimed the representative from Kentucky.

"Count," repeated the gentleman from Michigan gravely. "You know we have the big and little mouthed bass, and this was a big mouth. He wasn't very large, only weighed six pounds"——

"Do I understand you to say that a six pound bass is small?" asked the stout man uneasily.

"We use 'em for bait, sir," replied the Michigan delegation firmly. "I do not know whether you gentlemen have ever noticed the powers of the number three. The three big waves, the three days of rain, the three great accidents. In my country we have grasshoppers, and if you watch them jump into the water every third grasshopper is larger than the other two. Now this bass used to be found in a pond I know of near the fall of a stream. You could recognize him by a white mark on the nose. If you stood on the bank and threw in grasshoppers he rose to the third every time. I noticed this, and I wanted to catch that bass; not for his size, but for his arithmetical attainments, being myself partial to mathematics. I pitched two grasshoppers and saw them taken by other fish, and then I threw a third, being careful to so far follow nature and her laws as to have this one of good size. He took it and with it my hook."

"Did this college graduate give you much play?" asked the stout man cynically.

"No," responded the gentleman from Michigan. "My line was strong, and I just naturally lifted him out of the wet."

"I don't know much about fishin'," said the long haired man from Arizona. "I've

"HE TOOK IT."

been knockin' round the territory for the last fifteen years, and in [illegible] you're lucky to get water to wash [illegible] alone fishin'." But I know [illegible] frogs. 'Bout '79 and '80, when [illegible] wer' boomin', frogs was [illegible] in Tucson and Tombstone, and a frog eatin' Frenchman called French Pete [illegible] a little ranch out near Arivaca [illegible] raised nothin' but frogs. French [illegible] care of 'em himself, an' there were [illegible] or so big fellers as knew an' w[illegible] him. It was amusin' to see [illegible] Frenchy got his [illegible] French tune. They'd [illegible] like dancin', an' when he stop[illegible] 'Baba,' or somethin' in French, an' [illegible]

[illegible]

had [illegible] with [illegible] 'Rosin' Bake [illegible] a horse fiddle [illegible]. There was [illegible] big frog, all dirt and [illegible] he had cut [illegible] a sterrin' strain [illegible] got down, [illegible] handkerchief [illegible] his coat pocket [illegible] sore to dance [illegible] two he [illegible] Greaser [illegible] again. He [illegible] miles from [illegible] ped [illegible]

"You don't know, he [illegible] frog, whether he warbled 'Home, Sweet Home,' between croaks, do you?" asked the stout man [illegible].

"No, I don't," replied the gentleman from Arizona. "The thing happened when I was there, and I thought it might interest you."

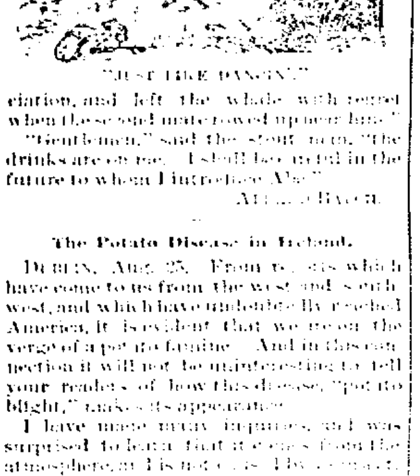
"It has, speaking for one," said the Michigan delegation gravely.

"I am sorry, gentlemen," said the man from Kentucky, "my life has been so singularly devoid of incident that I am unable to relate any little adventure of my own which would vie with those which you have told so well. However, my wife's grandfather followed the sea, and whaling was his passion. It is related of him that on one occasion a sperm whale stove the boat in which he was, and the old gentleman was cast into the sea. In his confusion he swam direct to the whale, and caught hold of one of the lips of the animal.

"Seeing his situation was desperate, and being naturally much alarmed, he began to whistle, the tune being, I believe, 'Yankee Doodle.' At once that monster of the deep ceased his furious lashing, and an expression of extreme content showed itself in the lines of his countenance. He even rolled gently from side to side."

"In time with the music, I suppose," said the stout man.

"Exactly in time with the music. My wife's grandfather, being patriotic, was much gratified at this evidence of appreciation, and left the whale with regret when the second mate rowed up near him."



"JUST LIKE DANCIN'."

"Gentlemen," said the stout man, "the drinks are on me. I shall be careful in the future to whom I introduce Abe."

[illegible] BACON.

The Potato Disease in Ireland.

DUBLIN, Aug. 25.—From reports which have come to us from the west and southwest, and which have undoubtedly reached America, it is evident that we are on the verge of a potato famine. And in this connection it will not be uninteresting to tell your readers of how this disease, "potato blight," makes its appearance.

I have made many inquiries, and was surprised to learn that it comes from the atmosphere. It is not [illegible]. It appears that on the [illegible] where the best potatoes are grown, a "garden," or potato field, may be seen in the morning; then, toward sundown, a white cloud is seen in the distance. It grows rapidly bigger until it assumes the [illegible] of a white fog. This fog settles down densely on the crops and in the morning when the sun dissipates it and [illegible] clear, the potato stalks are black and withered on the [illegible].

Some [illegible] farmers [illegible] the idea of mowing down the stalks immediately after [illegible] had passed, and [illegible] the tubers. [illegible] the action of this [illegible] hovers over a potato field [illegible] human power can save the crop.

After the [illegible] Ireland scientists decided that the [illegible] in the continued planting of the same [illegible] in the same districts, and [illegible] amount of Scotch seed potatoes was imported at the public expense. [illegible] result was [illegible] cost of the experiment [illegible] seed was [illegible] "champions" [illegible] ly for the first season. But [illegible] exceptionally [illegible] [illegible]

R. F. W.

BISHOP GILMOUR'S HOUSE.

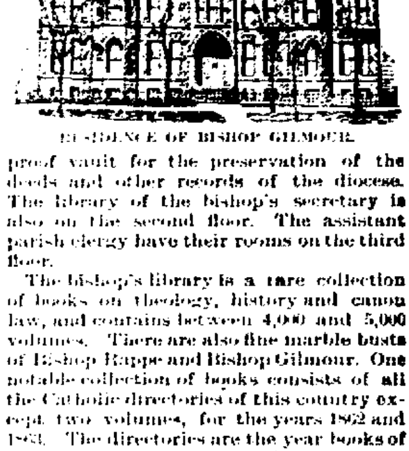
An Imposing Episcopal Residence in the City of Cleveland.

[Special Correspondence.]

CLEVELAND, Sept. 9.—One of the most imposing looking residences in the Forest City is the three story house of Bishop Gilmour of the Roman Catholic diocese. It is of brick with sandstone trimmings, and has a frontage of eighty feet. It is on Superior street, in the rear of St. John's, the cathedral church of the northern Ohio diocese. It is semi-Gothic in style, with pointed roof, and was completed in 18[illegible].

The diocese and the cathedral parish shared equally in the expense of building it, as it is the joint residence of the bishop and the cathedral clergy. It is only 35 feet in depth by 80 feet front, and is accordingly much more imposing in appearance than it is in fact. The ceilings are lofty and finely frescoed. On the first floor is the bishop's office, the office of the cathedral pastor and the cemetery office, which has charge of all the Catholic cemeteries save one in Cleveland.

On the second floor is the bishop's library and his fine private chapel, and the chancery office, in which all the routine business of the diocese is done, and connected with which will soon be a fine steel fire-proof vault for the preservation of the deeds and other records of the diocese. The library of the bishop's secretary is also on the second floor. The assistant parish clergy have their rooms on the third floor.



RESIDENCE OF BISHOP GILMOUR.

The bishop's library is a rare collection of books on theology, history and canon law, and contains between 4,000 and 5,000 volumes. There are also fine marble busts of Bishop Rappe and Bishop Gilmour. One notable collection of books consists of all the Catholic directories of this country except two volumes, for the years 1862 and 1863. The directories are the year books of the church, and one was first issued in 1828. There are several other good libraries belonging to the parish clergy in the house, and a number of works of art and interest. The house is comparatively plainly furnished, and impresses the visitor as a place for work, study and worship.

SAMUEL G. McCLURE.

ABOUT MARGARET SULLIVAN.

She Is a Woman of Rare Attainments, Says One Who Greatly Admires Her.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—Margaret Sullivan, wife of Alexander Sullivan, is a woman of the highest possible intellectual attainments, and her work upon The Chicago Tribune is too well known to need mention. She has command of the choicest and purest English, and it is a delight to listen to her conversation. In appearance she is short and plump, with merry Irish eyes, and dark hair brushed back from a splendid forehead.

She is a bit manly in her ways—has a trick of squaring her elbows and placing her hands on her knees while talking. She is hospitable, kindly, cordial. Her devotion to her husband is beautiful. Their marriage was a genuine love match, and she has carried his picture in her watch for seventeen years, and the love light comes in her eyes yet as she looks at it and says he was a sweet lad.

She is the soul of generosity, and is adored by her intimate friends. At a social gathering one evening a young singer, flushed from her exertions, was tendered a huge black fan by Mrs. Sullivan. It was an elegant toy, and the singer admired it. "Pray keep it," said Mrs. Sullivan, and though the young singer protested it was to no avail.

Mrs. Sullivan is a keen critic, and is decidedly antagonistic to the erotic school of fiction and poetry. I remember hearing her tear to tatters the works of a well known vender of passionate wares. It was done with a delicacy of irony which was simply delicious. She gathers about her on Sunday evenings the literary Bohemians of Chicago, and charming evenings they are, I am told.

She is proficient in shorthand and typewriting, and while passing a week in a convent was at work one morning on the typewriter when a lady visitor accosted her, and after praising her clean work was kind enough to patronizingly offer to get her a situation in some office. Mrs. Sullivan's sense of the ludicrous is keen, and she gravely thanked her would be benefactress, who, when informed later of the typewriter's identity, was covered with confusion.

Here is Mrs. Sullivan's signature, prim enough for a country schoolma'am and giving no hint of its writer's strong individuality:

Margaret F. Sullivan

Looking at this handwriting one would fancy it to be that of a woman timorous to the verge of fainting at the sight of a [illegible] of one whose brain, per[illegible] stands one of the most [illegible] organizations in this country.

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

Fulton Market Fish Museum.

The fish museum in the Fulton market in New York is an interesting place to visit. Here are dried monsters and monstrosities, [illegible] ornaments and curiosities of [illegible]. They hang from the ceiling, are [illegible] the cornices, cover the walls, [illegible] and occupy any number of [illegible] drawers. The shark and [illegible] and pompano, rainbow [illegible] engraving, tarpon [illegible] and [illegible] a few of the multitude. [illegible] engravings, chro[illegible] are scat[illegible] every picture and [illegible] something belonging [illegible] overcrowd [illegible]. Here come [illegible] Minister Robert [illegible] and Florence ex[illegible] line, scientists as [illegible] Avery, Agassiz and [illegible]

[illegible] Wear the Heaviest Clothes.

[illegible] worn [illegible] ments [illegible] test [illegible] test [illegible] the [illegible] are "weighted" prints [illegible] manufactured in England.

ROWS OF STATESMEN.

ROBERT GRAVES RECALLS A NUMBER RECORDED IN HISTORY.

The Bynum-Garland Trouble in 1840. The White-Rathbun Dispute in 1844. The First Personal Encounter in Congress Was in 1798.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8.—A book could be written about statesmen in trouble. There have been many personal encounters on the floor of congress, and not a few deeds growing out of bitter words spoken in debate. The recent fisticuff exhibition between the member from New Jersey and the member from Washington has plenty of precedents. Some of these altercations have been investigated by special committees, and others have been permitted to "blow over." A fight between members which attracted great attention at the time occurred in 1840, when a paper purporting to contain a document from the treasury department was read from the clerk's desk. In this document Mr. Rice Garland's name was mentioned, and Mr. Garland was on the floor.

Henry A. Wise addressed the chair, and said the paper had been prepared by his colleague, Mr. Botts, who would stand by it. In conversation among the members Jesse Bynum said, in Garland's hearing, that it was a "lying paper." Garland retorted that it "was true, every word of it," whereupon Bynum gave Garland the lie, and Garland retorted with the statement that Bynum was not only a liar but a scoundrel. "Thereupon," in the language of the official report, "the parties engaged. Mr. Bynum grasped Mr. Garland's cane, and a struggle for possession of the cane ensued. Finally the cane fell to the floor. Garland then collared Bynum and struck him at least once. Bynum returned the blow. The parties being separated Bynum stood near the bar of the house, drew his penknife from his pocket and attempted to open it, but did not do so. He looked toward Garland and shouted: 'You d—d thief and rogue. That fellow was run off from North Carolina, a d—d thief!'" The investigating committee contented itself with reporting the facts, and made no recommendation, though it had examined forty witnesses.

Some of the committee reports on personal altercations have been very quaint in their phraseology. In 1844 John White, of Kentucky, made a speech of one hour defending Henry Clay, and denying that Mr. Clay had used certain language concerning slavery which had been attributed to him. Mr. Kennedy, of Indiana, endeavored to obtain recognition for the purpose of showing that Mr. Clay had so spoken, but was unable to do so. "Never mind," said Representative George Rathbun, of New York, "we can prove it all around." "If you do," retorted Mr. White, "you will prove a lie. Swallow that." The committee at this juncture takes up the story as follows: "Mr. Rathbun asked Mr. White if he intended to apply the lie personally to him. Mr. White said he did, whereupon Mr. Rathbun immediately thrust his hand toward Mr. White and against the upper part of his chest, and a personal conflict ensued." The modern newspaper writer, who delights in descriptive phrases, will turn up his nose in disdain at "thrust his hand toward Mr. White and against the upper part of his chest."

In this case also the committee was content with reporting the facts. It did add, however, its condemnation of the use of opprobrious language and epithets of personal insult on the floor of congress, pointing out that in the four years previous there had been four cases of personal assault between members of the house.

A curious thing about quarrels in congress is their contagiousness. When Beckwith and Wilson struck at each other recently three or four other quarrels were on the tapis, and their unpleasantness grew directly out of a war of words between two other members in their hearing. So it was in this White-Rathbun fight. On the floor was a Kentuckian, W. S. Moore, and of course he was ready to take the part of his fellow Kentuckian, Mr. White. He grabbed the sergeant-at-arms and held him as that officer was about to lay hold of White. For this Moore was seized by Representative McCausien and thrust out of the hall, and as he went out he pulled a pistol and fired at McCausien, but hit instead Policeman Wirt, inflicting a flesh wound in the leg.

Perhaps the most ludicrous, as it was also the first, personal encounter in the American congress occurred in the year 1798. Here was a case in which one member used a cane and his antagonist the tongs from the fireplace, and the speaker did not want the combatants separated. The following from the report of the investigating committee, being the testimony of Congressman Elmendorf, is quaint:

"On Thursday morning last, having been engaged in writing in my room until I thought it was very late, I entered the house of representatives, with some surprise at not finding it engaged in business. The speaker sat (I think) writing in his chair as I crossed the floor to the letter box, and on returning to my seat I saw Mr. Lyon in his seat in the posture of writing or reading papers lying on his desk before him, having his hat on and not appearing to perceive me to pass him, although very near him. From my seat, which is the second in the third row, almost directly behind his, which is the same posture immediately before, I heard the first blow of a cane, upon hearing which I observed him still sitting with one arm in the position of covering his head and warding off blows and the other in feeling, as I thought, for a cane on the floor, beside or before him. I saw Mr. Griswold at this time on the open floor directly before him beating him, with all the strength and dexterity apparently in his power, with a cane of the stoutest kind of American made hickory, and repeating his blows as fast as I thought he could make them. Under this pressure Mr. Lyon, in a defenseless state, made out of his seat sideway, being hemmed in before and behind by the desks and seats, so that it was wholly out of his power to escape a single blow, or to interrupt Mr. Griswold in the act of beating him. Immediately I myself, for one, rose from my seat, and loudly and repeatedly called to the chair for order. I heard the same call from different parts of the house, but I did not observe or hear any effort from the speaker to restore it, or any personal attempt by any one near to interfere and prevent the attack. On the contrary, I think I distinctly heard the speaker reply that the house had not yet been called to order as a reason for not interfering at all. As soon as Mr. Lyon had got out of the row of seats he made toward Mr. Griswold, and made every effort to close with him as it appeared to me. Mr. Griswold, on his part, avoided this by keeping him off with his left arm, stepping back and continuing to beat Mr. Lyon with his cane as before until in this way they both got to the fireplace to the left of the speaker's [illegible] heard the noise of tongs, and immediately after saw them have hold of each other and Mr. Griswold's [illegible] of his hand. Soon after they were both having hold of each other, Mr. Griswold partly upon Mr. Lyon. At this time I got to the place where they were engaged and called out to part them. I heard the same cry from behind the chair, and I also heard the opposite cry from others not to part them. Mr. Havens and myself each took hold of Mr. Griswold's legs, and I think together drew him off from Mr. Lyon. At the same time I think I saw others having hold of Mr Lyon. When the speaker observed Mr Havens and myself taking hold of Mr Griswold he with apparent warmth, as if thereby to prevent our interfering, called out in substance, as nearly as I can recollect: 'What! take hold of a man by the legs. That is no way to take hold of him.' Notwithstanding I persevered, and I think Mr. Havens assisted me in drawing Mr. Griswold apart from Mr. Lyon. Mr. Lyon went direct from that place to his seat, where he got a small cane, and went from thence south of the bar, where I saw him and Mr. Griswold soon after meeting, and Mr Lyon making up to him, Mr. Griswold retiring from Mr. Lyon, and Mr. Lyon making a blow at him with his cane, which Mr. Griswold, I think, received on his arm or shoulder.

"The loud cry of order from all parts of the house and from the chair here put an end to the affray. Mr. Griswold's cane was delivered to him by Mr. Sitgreaves, I think, just as he stepped within the bar, which he took from thence, I think, direct to his seat. Mr. Lyon remained without the bar, and thus the affray ended, and the house proceeded to business."

It was in 1844 that John B. Weller, a member from Ohio, and subsequently senator from California, assaulted and severely beat Mr. Schriver, one of the reporters of the house. The assault took place in the lobby, and Weller endeavored to escape punishment on the plea that the lobby was not a part of the house, but he was arraigned before the bar and censured by the speaker. Forty years ago nearly Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio, quarreled on the floor of the house with Mr. Meade, of Virginia. Meade seized Giddings by his necktie, and was proceeding therewith to choke off his antagonist's wind, when "Long John" Wentworth, of Chicago, who died a year or two ago, and who was a giant, rushed in to separate them, when another Virginian, Mr. Edmundson, climbed upon a chair and threw his whole weight upon the huge Chicagoan, carrying that gentleman to the floor with him. On another occasion Dixon Lewis, an extraordinarily large and strong man, a veritable Samson, stopped a fight on the floor by holding the combatants at arms' length.

About 1850 Mr. Graw, a member from Pennsylvania, had a fisticuff encounter with Mr. Branch, of North Carolina, over the slavery question. A challenge followed, but mutual friends prevented a hostile meeting. Mr. Graw was a fighter, and about that time had a pugilistic encounter with Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina. When the culprits were arraigned before the bar of the house Mr. Keitt took all the blame on himself, and apologized to Mr. Graw and the house.

There have been three or four duels between members of congress. The only fatal one was that in which Mr. Graves, of Kentucky, and Mr. Cilley, of Maine, were the principals. Cilley was killed at the first fire, and Graves was expelled the house, and Col. E. W. Jones, a member and afterward senator from Iowa, who had acted as Cilley's second, was censured. This was in 1838, and it was between 1835 and 1855 that most of the fights and duels of statesmen took place. That was distinctively the fighting era. The most celebrated fighting congressman was Edward Stanley, of North Carolina, who in 1840 had hot words on the floor of the house with Mr. Inge, of Alabama. The men met in the field, and after the third fire a reconciliation was effected. Stanley then fought a duel with Pickens, of South Carolina, the result being another reconciliation. The debate in the house became very bitter one day, and among the disputants was Stanley and Henry A. Wise. At the racecourse that afternoon Mr. Wise's horse became unmanageable and ran against the horse of Mr Stanley, and the latter, supposing the collision to be intentional on Wise's part, drew his whip and struck Mr. Wise. Of course a duel followed, and it was while coaching Stanley's marksmanship that Reverdy Johnson received in the eye a bullet from Stanley's pistol which had glanced from a tree, an accident which eventually cost him the sight of the eye. The duel took place, but a reconciliation was patched up before any one was hurt.

Gen. Clingman, then a senator, and who is now occasionally seen in Washington, was challenged by Yancy for words spoken in debate. Reconciliation took place after one or two shots had been exchanged. The challenge of Breckinridge by Cutting, which created so much talk, grew out of words spoken in debate. Other noted challenges between statesmen which were not followed by meetings were those between Burlingame and Preston Brooks, and Potter and Roger A. Pryor. In 1858 Senator Gwin, of California, challenged Henry Wilson. Mr. Crittenden, Mr. Seward and Jefferson Davis patched the matter up. On the floor of the senate Henry S. Foote drew a pistol on Thomas H. Benton, whereupon Benton dramatically bared his breast and exclaimed: "Let the assassin fire." There is but one well remembered case of personal assault in the senate, and that was the attack of Preston S. Brooks upon Charles Sumner.

Representative Cobb, of Alabama, and the late James Laird, of Nebraska, had a fight in the Capitol a few years ago. Cobb gave Laird the lie, and the latter dared his antagonist to go outside the house and settle it. Cobb accepted the challenge, and the two men, one armed with a revolver and the other with a knife, went to the basement to fight an impromptu duel. Members interfered. An hour or two later the men met in a corridor, and Laird, who was an athlete, thrust his hand toward Mr. C[illegible] and against his nose, causing a profuse flow of blood.

[illegible] was in two quarrels which came near resulting in personal [illegible]. John A. Kasson, then [illegible] represented Iowa, spoke offensively of Cox in debate, and Cox ran toward Kasson with blood in his eye. Mr. Garfield put his arms around Cox and held him till peace was restored. Ben Butterworth and Cox, two of the best natured men who ever sat in congress, once shook their fists at each other and threatened all manner of things. In a day or two they were as good friends as ever. Gen. Weaver, the Iowa Greenbacker, and Gen. Sparks, of Illinois, talked of pulling each other's noses, and actually came together and pushed and hauled a little while, but exchanged no blows. Jones, of Texas, pulled off his coat and prepared to sail in to help Weaver, but A. S. Hewitt, of New York, took the Texan by the collar and sat him down.

ROBERT GRAVES.

A New Way to Fish.

Quite a [illegible] was [illegible] recently.

H[illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] many [illegible] of the [illegible] and rapidly approaching him [illegible] saw the mammoth specimen of the sturgeon species [illegible] of securing it without the usual implements [illegible] determined [illegible] the [illegible] of the lakes.

As the fish approached the [illegible] on which [illegible] was standing the latter prepared [illegible] for the struggle. It was [illegible] the youth gave a leap, a [illegible] and dived beneath the water [illegible] the astonished [illegible] could [illegible] escape or recover from the consternation caused by the sudden disturbance of the waters he was a prisoner in the [illegible] of the youth, who [illegible] with [illegible] to retain his hold of his slippery [illegible].

The struggles of the now desperate sturgeon were now pertinacious and nearly crowned with victory, though they became almost entirely ineffectual, and were rendered completely so by the aid of a companion of the boy, who ran to his assistance.

Their united efforts soon completed the victory over his sturgeonship, and laid him panting on the bank, a proof of the triumph of muscle.

After resting a while from the fatigue caused by the combat under water they carried the sturgeon home, where it was weighed, turning the scales at just seventy pounds.—Exchange.

A Transpacific Cable.

The Colonies and India, of London, says that the breaking of the Australian cables and the consequent cutting off of those colonies from communication with the outer world for several days emphasizes in the strongest possible way the necessity of constructing an alternative cable across the Pacific ocean between British Columbia and Sydney or Brisbane. The lesson will no doubt not be lost upon our Australian cousins. It is said that her majesty's government has decided not to share in the guarantee the companies require in order to effect the proposed reductions in the existing cable rates, and it was hardly expected that it would do so. It might, however, view with greater favor the laying of the new line, and the subsidies the colonies are now asked to give for perpetuating for a time the monopoly of the old line, with assistance from Canada and from the imperial government, would, it is believed, permit of arrangements being made for the construction of the Pacific cable, and probably insure a reduced tariff by both lines."

Preserved in a Salt Mine.

In a salt mine near Hermannstadt, in Hungary, which had for many years been full of water and was visited by tourists on account of its great depth and its repeating echo, a recent heavy rainfall raised the water to an extraordinary height. Recently a number of dead bodies appeared on the surface, and they were taken out, with considerable danger to those who undertook the task. They were found to be the bodies of Hungarian Honveds, 300 of whom fell in the battle of Viz Akna on the 4th of February, 1849, and instead of being buried were thrown into the salt lake of the mine. The bodies are so well preserved that the wounds which caused death may be seen quite plainly. Two of the bodies are headless.—Cor London News.

Big Chicken Pie.

The citizens of Columbus, Ga., had a big barbecue. Among the novelties was a chicken pie, thus described: "The pie was 7 feet long and 5 feet broad, and as deep as would hold ten dozen chickens. Every chicken had yellow legs, a drumstick for the babies and a wing for the girls. After the pie was eaten the pan was auctioned off, the proceeds to go to the girl under 15 years of age that brings to the Chattahoochee Valley exposition in November the finest pone of bread baked by herself."

Bears in Maine.

Urben Getchell, of Limestone, Me., witnessed a novel sight last week while driving near that village. He came on seven bears unawares, three of them full grown and four cubs quite large. The old ones made for the woods, but the cubs had their gambols out before they followed. Urben says it was a nice sight, but his hair seemed to grow very rapidly, and raised his hat from its usual place. The bears were seen by two other persons.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Convulsed His Neighbors.

An American "millionaire," who has taken a country vicarage in a west Midland county for two months, has quite convulsed his new neighbors by the magnitude of his establishment, to accommodate which a large extra house has been hired. It includes thirty servants, twenty horses, twelve dogs, [illegible] cows and fourteen cats.—London Truth.

A Boston caterer, who [illegible] the feeding of 7,000 [illegible] days of the Grand Army [illegible] has [illegible] his [illegible] bread, [illegible] two tons of [illegible] tongue [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] at her glove.

Distress After Eating.

[illegible] Regulator [illegible] is such a good [illegible] pleasant in [illegible] after a hearty [illegible] digestion. The Regulator [illegible] the stomach [illegible] is foul gases, [illegible] assists the stomach [illegible]

His Offense.

Mrs. Elder Sniffles—Between you and me, I think young [illegible], the minister's son, ought to be [illegible]. I don't believe in having such a [illegible] ruffian in the sanctuary.

Mrs. Deacon Chadband—Land sakes! What's he been up to?

Mrs. Elder Sniffles—At the oyster supper the other night, when they passed him his stew he began to take off his coat and vest and said he was goin' to dive for the oysters.—America.

With a [illegible] appetite and imperfect digestion it is impossible for the body to secure its proper amount of nourishment. Ayer's Sarsaparilla not only stimulates the desire for food, but aids the assimilative organs in the formation of good blood and sound tissue.

Had Him There.

"I'll write you up."

"Go ahead. I defy you. You couldn't tell the truth if you tried. It is only the truth that I fear."—Chatter.

A Tragedy.

There lived in the city of Worcester
A man who could crow like a rooster;
But as he grew old
He often caught cold,
And then couldn't crow as he used to.
—Lawrence American.

After a Stolen Kiss.

She (with pretended anger)—You are a perfect imp of darkness.

He—No—no! You mean an imp-o'-liteness.—Munsey's Weekly.

About a Fellow.

A fellow we'll simply call Mr
Stepped up to another man's sister
And what do you think,
Why, quick as a wink,
He threw his arms 'round her and kissed her
—[illegible] News.

To Be Shaken Before Taken.

First Tourist—Has this seat been taken?

Second Ditto—Don't look like it. It's nailed down, anyhow.—Boston Times.

The Whistling Girl.

She has a taste for whistling,
A taste that's not permissible;
But still I don't object to it,
The pucker is so kissable.
—Puck.

Says the Southern Medical World:

"Mother's Friend" is growing in favor throughout the South and is highly recommended by physicians. We consider it indispensable to those who know they must pass through the ordeal of childbirth. Write Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by H. C. Hoberman & Co.

That Terrible Cough

In the morning, hurried or difficult breathing, raising phlegm, tightness in the chest, quickened pulse, chilliness in the evening or sweats at night, all or any of these things are the first stages of consumption. Dr. Acker's English Cough Remedy will cure these fearful symptoms, and is sold under a positive guarantee by H. C. Hoberman & Co., and W. B. Foye.

The Autumn Girl.

Why not an autumn girl
With [illegible] hair,
Whose dark and crisping curl
Floats in the air
With merry grace;
Her face, nut colored brown,
Sunshine caressed,
And red ripe lips to crown
Smiles Cupid blest
Upon her face?
—Washington Post.

Not a Scheme.

"Anything new on foot?" asked one politician of another.

"Yes," was the reply.

"What is it?"

"Our baby. He's just learned to walk."—Lawrence American.

If you could see your own scalp through an ordinary magnifying glass, you would be amazed at the amount of dust, dandruff, and dead skin thereon accumulated. The best and most popular preparation for cleansing the scalp is Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Peculiar

Many peculiar points make Hood's Sarsaparilla superior to all other medicines. Peculiar in combination, proportion, and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the full curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom. Peculiar in its strength and economy—Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "One Hundred Doses One Dollar." Medicines in larger and smaller bottles require larger doses, and do not produce as good results as Hood's. Peculiar in its medicinal merits, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown, and has won for itself the title of "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered." Peculiar in its "good name at home,"—there is now more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell, where it is made, than of all other blood purifiers. Peculiar in its phenomenal record of sales abroad, no other preparation has ever attained such popularity in so short a time, and retained its popularity and confidence among all classes of people so steadfastly.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is Peculiar to Itself

Do not be induced to buy other preparations, but be sure to get the Peculiar Medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT WITH SUSPENSORY FOR WEAK MEN

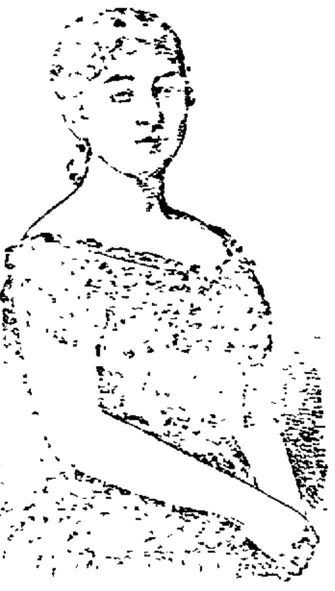
FOR MEN ONLY. PATENTED. IMPROVED. [illegible] ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY [illegible] SANDEN ELECTRIC CO. [illegible]

FRENCH SOCIETY QUEENS.

WOMEN WHO RULE IN THE UPPER TEN OF THE PARISIAN WORLD.

They Have Wealth, Rank and Polished Manners—Representatives of the Old Regime and of the New Order—Some Fair Foreigners.

[[illegible] Press Association.]



MARQUISE DE VILLENEUVE.

The Marquise de Villeneuve, nee Bonaparte, is the youngest daughter of Prince Pierre Bonaparte, who shot Victor Noir. She was brought up in the bitterest privation at Auteuil, near Paris, in an old house lost in the depths of an immense garden full of beasts, for Prince Pierre owned a regular menagerie of lions and wild boars. His pet was a huge lioness, which had the freedom of the garden, and often crouched at its master's feet. After the fall of his family he would certainly have starved but for his wife's exertions.

Princesse Pierre went to London, set up a milliner's shop there and failed. Then, going back to Paris to carry on the almost hopeless struggle for a living, she found a benefactor in M. Duruy, the historian, and ex-minister of Napoleon III. He sent her boy, Prince Roland, to the Lycee Louis le Grand, and afterward to the military school of Saint Cyr to work for a commission; and her girl, the Princesse Jeanne, to a drawing school, as she had a taste that way. The poor little princesse was working for the illustrated papers to earn her bread when the marriage of her brother with the wealthy heiress of the Blancs, of Monte Carlo fame, changed the fortunes of the family as with the touch of a magic wand. The bride took a warm affection for her sister in law, begged her to accept some of her superfluous riches, and soon "each of her little hands held a million" as a marriage portion and a union with the Marquis Christian de Villeneuve, of an old Provence family dating back to Charlemagne, brought happiness after days of trial and pain.

PRINCESSE DE METTERNICH.

COMTESSE PATOCKA.

The house of the Princesse de La Tour d'Auvergne is a grand center in the aristocratic Faubourg. It is situated behind the Invalides. To be seen at her receptions is a brevet of good birth and good breeding. But the old Duchesse de Maille rules the roost for pride of birth on the left bank of the Seine. If the Comte de Paris were called to the throne the Duchesse de La Rochefoucauld Bisaccia would, of course, take precedence of all other ladies at court, but the scepter of antique prestige would no doubt accrue to the Duchesse de Maille, who, with her haughty manners and powdered hair, looks more like a marquise of the time of Louis XV than a Nineteenth century duchesse. Mme. de Maille sticks for antiquated forms and old traditions. Her equipages date from the last century, while she is always recognized at the Bois de Boulogne by her immense coaches, with postilions and outriders in livery—an eccentricity pardonable in a very old lady.

COMTESSE DE MERCY-ARGENTEAU.

The home of the duchesse in the Rue de Lille has not been changed since she went there as a bride many, many years ago. On the first floor are two large vestibules, two vast salons and a dining room. In one salon the furniture is of the time of Louis XV. and the other of Louis XVI. On every side the eye rests on light, graceful draperies, white and gilt walls. It is curious that the duchesse, who is a sister of the famous amateur artist the Marquis d'Osmond, should have so few pictures and artistic objects about her. The fact is that all her purchases of art treasures are sent to museums and public institutions, thus proving her real generosity.

The Duchesse de Chevreuse, a rich dowager who hunted an erring daughter in law, the Duchesse de Chaulnes, out of house and home and into her grave, exhibits the noble Faubourg in its perfection of gloomy state.

Of the many foreign ladies for whom a long residence in the French capital has gained the social freedom of the city her highness the Princesse de Metternich, ranks first and highest. The Austrian princesse, who was anything but a beauty, contrived, despite of her disadvantage that way, triumphantly to support proximity to the prettiest and best dressed women in Paris—the Empress Eugenie and those beauties of her court whom Winterhalter grouped around her in one of her portraits now to be seen in the galleries at Versailles.

COMTESSE DE MAILLY-NESLE.

The Princesse Brancovan de Bessarabie has a house in the Avenue Hoche which is furnished with oriental splendor, and where on Sundays a morning banquet of all the arts, or Concordia, as it is laughingly called, brings together some of the greatest literary and musical celebrities of the capital. The princesse is a passionate lover of music, and her rendering of genuine eastern compositions seems likely to lead to a new departure in musical taste. Her sister in law, the Princesse Bibesco, another Roumanian grande dame, shares the same passion, and her salon is more exclusively musical. Comtesse Patocka is a first class pianist. These foreign ladies, however, find their match in some of the French beauties.

COMTESSE DE GUERNE.

The Comtesse de Mercy-Argenteau is an instrumentalist of talent, and the Comtesse de Mailly-Nesle, blonde, petite, elegant, with hair of liquid gold, eyes of azure, a queenly port and a proud curl of the under lip, is an artist to the finger ends, both in painting and in music.

The fine voices in society are equally numerous. The Vicomtesse de Tredern is frequently heard at her own musical soirees in the Place Vendome. But the finest voice of all the grande dames of Paris is that possessed by the Comtesse de Guerne, nee de Segur. It is warm, deep, thrilling in tone, and would prove a fortune to its owner under other circumstances. She was Gounod's favorite pupil, who trained her musical talents from infancy and was always one of the best friends of her family circle. Many of these ladies belong to the true Concordia, a musical association of persons in fashionable society, which on one occasion gave the entire "Redemption" of Gounod in one of the Paris churches.

Such is an imperfect picture of what is left of the "old society" of France. The ladies have grand names, many of which are famous in the history, literature and diplomacy of the past. They often have wealth, grace and wit. But the new society of France, the bourgeoisie of the modern monarchy and of the republic, possess scores of women whose manners, mind and heart equal and often surpass those of the most high born grande dame of "the noble Faubourg." And this is as it should be in an age where titles of birth have lost much of their old value and significance.

THEODORE STANTON.

An Austrian's Honeymoon Trip.

A young Austrian and his bride are taking a honeymoon trip which is free from the annoyances of vulgar curiosity on the part of other travelers and the officiousness of over attention from hotel servants and railway porters. The groom hired a [illegible] furniture wagon, had it comfortably furnished, and now he and his wife are jogging cozily about Hungary behind three stout horses and a driver. This kind of gypsy life may recommend itself to future "happy pairs" who desire comfort, seclusion and freedom.

A JUDICIAL CENSORSHIP.

Remarkable Assertions from the Bench in New York and London.

Some rather startling decisions now and then emanate from the bench. The other day a New York police justice had before him two respectable women for whose arrest an overzealous policeman was responsible. The officer charged them with disorderly conduct, but the complaint not being well established the justice fined them and then suspended the fine, remarking the women had been at a matinee just prior to their arrest, [illegible] that no respectable female went to a theatre even in day time [illegible]. A London magistrate is responsible for an equally sapient deliverance.

A physician was brought up accused of [illegible] "loitering" in front of a shop window just enough to suit an imperious constable. The doctor established his respectability and peaceableness, the "bobby" explained that he "took the gent for a sport," and the justice dismissed the defendant with a reprimand, telling him that "a man who dressed like a betting man must take the consequences." Says one of the London papers in commenting on the affair: "We do not know exactly the recognized uniform of a betting man, though no doubt it is possible to form some sort of general idea, nor why a betting man in this free country may not look at a shop window as securely as a cat at a king. The case, however, apart from its merits, is interesting as illustrating the change which has by this time completed itself in public opinion concerning matters of costume. Well within living memory it would have been as impossible for a medical practitioner who did not wish to lose his patients otherwise than by natural processes to dress otherwise than professionally as it still is for a French advocate to grow a mustache or beard. Even so, one could almost as readily tell a solicitor from the style of his clothes as a high church curate. The present tendency is to conceal professional identity, and even to get oneself mistaken for an ornament of some other calling. There are lawyers who affect the style of painters, painters that of farmers, physicians that of actors, city men that of grooms. It is the same spirit which in different forms makes the soldier at every possible moment throw off the uniform which the civilian who has any excuse for it delights to don."

AN OLD TIME BONIFACE.

James Couch Still Vigorous, Although Ninety Years Old.

Until advices to the contrary are received it may be assumed that Mr. James Couch, of the Tremont house, Chicago, is the oldest hotel man in the country. Mr. Couch recently celebrated his 90th birthday, and on that festive occasion recounted to his assembled friends the chief incidents of his long business career. Seated in his apartments at the Tremont he said: "I came to Chicago fifty four years ago. The chief things to be seen hereabouts then were prairie and Indians. Right here where we are sitting I purchased eighty feet of ground for $50. People told me I was a fool and applied the epithet so often that I began to believe them and to wish that I had my money back. I don't now."

JAMES COUCH.

The Tremont house of 1836, which Mr. Couch started, was a shanty. In 1839 it was burned and replaced by a new structure, which ten years later was also destroyed by fire. The third Tremont, built of brick, lasted until the great conflagration of 1871. Its successor is the hotel of today. Mr. Couch retired from active business life ten years ago, but continues to reside in the big tavern which he formerly owned. His wife, to whom he was married in 1847, still lives, and is as hale and hearty as her nonagenarian spouse.

A Royal Order of Beggars.

Among other queer things China has a royal race of beggars that flourishes in Nanking. The founder of the Ming dynasty in the Fourteenth century, Hung Wu, was once a beggar, and when, after his accession, he was entertaining an old friend he wished to appoint his former comrade to some lucrative office. The friend declined, saying that he only wanted to have plenty to eat and wear and nothing to do. So Hung Wu created him chief of the Royal Order of Beggars, and the order still exists. The members live in caves hollowed out of the city walls over the two water gates. They dress well, smoke much opium, and are governed by a chief appointed by the police authorities.

A Matter of Money.

Mrs. Grace January, a handsome widow, 38 years of age, is said to be the second wealthiest woman in St. Louis, the popular estimate of her fortune being $5,000,000. She has one child, a daughter still in her teens. Some time ago the announcement was made that Mrs. January was to marry an Englishman named Frewen, brother of the Moreton Frewen who became the husband of one of the Jerome sisters of New York.

MRS. GRACE JANUARY.

This intelligence was followed later on by the published statement that Judge Boyle, the widow's lawyer, who went to England to arrange the ante nuptial settlements, had been unsuccessful, and that the engagement was off. The story goes that Mr. Frewen broke his troth on learning that Jesse January had left his millions to his wife only during her widowhood, and that the daughter comes into possession of all the property immediately on her mother's death or remarriage.

Panic Stricken School Children.

A large public school at Berlin, Germany, was the scene of a queer panic one [illegible] not long ago. In some manner the idea became prevalent among the pupils that the place was haunted by the spirit of a [illegible] who had committed suicide [illegible] a mysterious [illegible] that the ghost was [illegible] a number of lives [illegible].

Long Finger Nails the Fashion.

In [illegible] nobles are [illegible] because they are [illegible] from four to six inches long [illegible] appearance of the hands is that of immense claws or talons.

JOHN BULL, JOURNALIST

THE CONSERVATIVE METHODS OF ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS

An Interesting Description of the Manner in Which the Great London and Provincial Dailies Are Conducted—"Fine Writing" at a Discount.

[Copyright [illegible] Press Association.]

That English journalism is insufferably dull is the unanimous opinion of Americans who have spent any time abroad. There is a heaviness about the make up of the newspapers, a leadenness in the style of composition and a sameness in the treatment of news which justifies this verdict. But these offensive characteristics are exactly what the British public demands. Stolid in his temperament and lacking in those mental graces which form the chief charm of his neighbors across the channel the Englishman has no relish for "triviality" in the discussion of passing events. He resents any approach to humor in leading articles; he despises anything like literary embellishment in the narration of facts. He wants nothing but the dry bones of news, and he gets what he wants. The English newspaper is but a reflex of British character—slow, solid and dull.

THE LONDON TIMES BUILDING.

It would seem therefore a simple task to run an English journal, but such is not the case. Slow, solid and dull as he is, the Englishman has a shrewd eye to the main chance. There are too many of him for the narrow bounds of his little island. He has to cast around for an outlet for the results of his plodding industry. His eyes look greedily for new territory in which to trade, and as a colonizer, an eager aspirant for profitable investments in other lands, he has no equal in the world. As a result of his grasping spirit he has many enemies and few friends in the family of nations. He has to be continually on the alert to avoid attacks on his "rights." He sleeps with one eye open so as to be ready to repel any encroachments on his vested interests in international commerce. France, Germany, Russia and even little Portugal are regarded as jealous rivals, and on the affairs of each he keeps a watchful eye. Consequently his newspaper must keep him posted as to the doings and intentions of foreign governments, even to the neglect of minor, if interesting, domestic events, which he has a lumbering notion will take care of themselves.

The editor of a British journal has to bear constantly in mind the vast ramifications of British interests in every quarter of the globe. He stations correspondents at the various capitals of Europe and the western hemisphere, whose instructions are to telegraph news of "general" interest, such news consisting invariably of political changes and complications. Ordinary occurrences, such as crimes, accidents and social happenings, are rarely touched, but cabinet changes, wars and rumors of war call forth columns of dispatches and load the editorial page with solemn, portentous articles. It is this feature of English journalism more than anything else that emphasizes the general dullness of which Americans complain. It demands a peculiar order of editorial talent. The manager of an English newspaper must have his finger on the pulse of the world; domestic affairs, except those which infringe on the international concerns of his constituency, are of secondary importance so long as he keeps abreast of the political life of rival nations.

This is especially true of the London newspapers, which evince a supreme indifference to the every day affairs of the great metropolis. With a population of 5,000,000 to cater for one would naturally expect them to devote a page or two to local events; but we find nothing but a few miserable paragraphs relating to fires and other casualties, civil and police court items and more or less lengthy reports of the gatherings of charitable and benevolent associations. Parliamentary debates, political speeches, foreign telegrams, race meetings and the proceedings of the Stock Exchange cover the rest of the space not set apart for advertisements. But the work is admirable, of its kind. The reports of speeches are finished specimens of verbatim and condensed reporting, the city article is a careful review of the financial transactions of the day, the law report concise, accurate and judicial in their tones, and the editorials models of correct English. These editorials follow a general plan. They are exactly a column [illegible] and are always divided into three paragraphs. After a careful study [illegible] able to tell from the beginning [illegible] end will be. The first paragraph sets forth the [illegible], the second [illegible] therefrom and [illegible] forth in the third [illegible] verbal Niagara.

JOHN WALTER, THE EDITOR [illegible]

There is no [illegible] variety but the same quality of dullness in the provincial press, which pays less attention to local affairs. Reports have the same stereotyped appearance. A meeting [illegible] way. If it is the weekly gathering of the city council the [illegible] usual, and then [illegible] ing are always read and confirmed, no account of the proceedings [illegible] is complete without [illegible]. When John [illegible] assault [illegible] always sworn [illegible] before the facts [illegible]. Not the slightest [illegible] enters into [illegible] is only developed [illegible] witnesses. "At about a quarter past 9 o'clock, as he [illegible] was passing [illegible] streets, he noticed flames [illegible]." [illegible] speaker at a public meeting [illegible] with cheers, and on their subsiding he spoke as follows, etc."

The same [illegible] monotony is carried through every department. It appears as if the reporters were [illegible] with printed blanks and had only to fill in names, places and results in order to [illegible]. But, [illegible] is the case of journalism [illegible] Englishman requires, if there should be any variation from these [illegible] he would send an indignant protest to the editor and probably stop his paper [illegible] which [illegible] descriptive writing is only tolerated in foreign dispatches and accounts of [illegible] and even then it must be tempered so as not to shock [illegible] by excess. The Briton wants but little fancy here below, nor wants that little strong.

English journalism reserves its own in one respect: it is aggressively partisan when [illegible]. Politics runs wild at times in Great Britain, and broken heads and noses are quite common on election days. It is then that the Englishman braces himself to listen to hot invective and abuse of his opponents. But even in those supreme moments his newspaper cannot forego its dignity or completely dispel its dullness. High sounding epithets are often employed, but they are carefully chosen and their edge taken off by judicious qualification. The British journalist has a wholesome fear of the law of libel, which is by no means a dead letter in the old country, where juries are uncommonly pig headed and take a vicious delight in sitting upon daring journalists. Libel suits invariably go against newspapers, and editors are forced to restrain themselves at the very time when their readers are prepared to enjoy a departure from the beaten path of dullness.

The Times of London, which is still "The Thunderer" of the British empire despite its unfortunate experience in the Parnell matter, adapts its politics to that of the administration of the period. It is Liberal when the Liberals are in power and Tory under Tory rule. While inconsistent on its face this policy has its good features. As the recognized mouthpiece of the British people it supports the government of the day as the formally endowed representative of the empire. Change of administration is brought about by the will of the people, and The Times, in accommodating itself to popular will as expressed at general elections, maintains its high stand as "The Thunderer" of the nation. But, just as the people change during the unceasing march of politics, The Times is not servile to the powers that be. It reserves the right to criticise and attack, and is often as bold and uncompromising to a [illegible] government measures as the strongest opposition journals. Statesmen bow their heads when "The Thunderer" roars and take speedy steps to patch the holes in the state ship.

LABOUCHERE, PROPRIETOR OF TRUTH.

Editorial work in England is not as perfect as it is in the United States. The British editor rarely troubles himself with the details or general appearance of his paper. After he has mapped out the day's programme he is content to leave its elaboration to subordinates. These are carefully chosen of course, and as well able to take care of the work, but even they do not evince the same painstaking care to produce a good paper as our night editors, city editors, telegraph editors and copy readers. Copy editing is in fact an unknown art in the English newspaper office. Manuscript is simply glanced over to ascertain its [illegible]. Errors in facts, orthography or [illegible] of punctuation receive no [illegible] revision to speak of. The compositors and proofreaders have to attend to such matters, and [illegible] do work [illegible] the editorial departments [illegible]. In many instances [illegible] copy is given to the printer to set up before the matter is passed upon by the editors, who are unable to do [illegible].

Some of the leader writers, correspondents and reporters write miserable hands. They despise anything in the nature of punctuation, and [illegible] in a way that would drive an American compositor to distraction. Everything has to be rectified in the composing and reading rooms. The compositor is held responsible for "outs," [illegible] and ordinary grammatical errors. If he has [illegible] he frequently has to make [illegible]. Rules about spacing are very stringent. An em quad [illegible] is allowed [illegible] "makes up" [illegible].

[illegible] American [illegible] However, [illegible] London Times [illegible].

J[illegible] W. POSTGATE.

A Flower of Changing Colors.

[illegible]

OUT OF THE HARNESS.

A Well Known Editor Who Has Turned Farmer.

One of the well known Washington correspondents of former sessions, and also one of Kentucky's prominent newspaper men for a long time, was L. S. Howlett. Born at Boston forty four years ago, he learned the typesetting business as a boy, and "held cases" and did reportorial work until 1870, when he went to Louisville and established The Evening Post. Later on he sold his interest in that sheet and became part owner and managing editor of The Commercial.

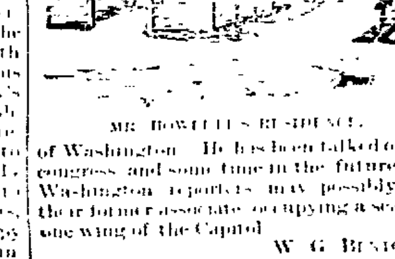
MR. L. S. HOWLETT.

During the time of his connection with The Commercial he held a custom house position, and discharged his duty both to the government and to the newspaper in a satisfactory manner. He left Louisville in 1880 to accept a place as Associated Press reporter at Washington. While at the national capital, where he served three years, he became very popular with his brethren of the press, and was chosen first president of the Correspondents' club. He went west in 1883, and located at Portland, Ore. There he edited an afternoon paper, The News, until it was given up as a losing enterprise, and then he managed The Oregonian during an extended eastern trip of its editor. He next went to the Coeur de Alene mines, and represented an eastern syndicate of papers for a year. He was then appointed by President Arthur receiver of public moneys in the United States land office, with headquarters at Yakima, and held the office from 1885 to 1889. He invested his surplus cash in a tract of land where now stands the town of North Yakima.

His location proved a fortunate one. His farm was principally laid out in town lots, and he now owns valuable business property where once sage brush afforded scanty winter forage for hungry cattle. He built a comfortable residence on the brow of a high ridge overlooking the town and has a model little farm of a few rich acres surrounding it, upon which he raises more fruits and vegetables than he knows what to do with.

In 1879-80 I was employed under Mr. Howlett on the staff of The Commercial, and having business at North Yakima I took occasion to visit my former chief. After dinner I walked into his back yard and saw luscious grapes by the bushel hanging on 3 year old vines. There was a corner of melon vines, and dozens of large ripe watermelons lying around waiting to be eaten. Peaches, apples, plums, berries, green corn, beans, cabbages—in fact, all sorts of things that would tend to make a hungry man more hungry—were there in profusion. Just back of the barn flows a rapid stream of pure mountain water, and from this "ditch," as it is called, the entire region of green meadows and gardens are irrigated.

It will surprise his journalistic friends to learn that Mr. Howlett has become an attorney. While in the land office he took up the study of law, and was admitted to the bar when 40 years old. At the last Republican state convention he came within six votes of being nominated for governor of Washington. He has been talked of for congress and some time in the future the Washington reporters may possibly see their former associate occupying a seat in one wing of the Capitol.



MR. HOWLETT'S RESIDENCE.

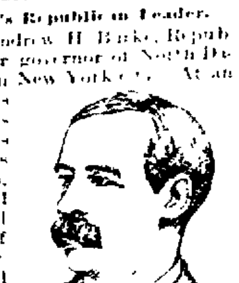
W. G. BENTON.

Some Cannibalistic Arguments.

Regarding the inhabitants of the upper Oubangi, an affluent of the Congo, a Catholic missionary furnishes some curious particulars. The natives are cannibals, and when the good father endeavored to dissuade them from the practice on the ground that "human flesh is detestable" they replied, "Pardon, but what do you know about it? With salt and spices it is, on the contrary, delicious." When the missionary pointed out the difference between man and animals they responded "Certainly, we agree with you that man is the nobler, therefore he is the nicer."

North Dakota's Republican Leader.

May 15, 1850 Andrew H. Burke, Republican nominee for governor of North Dakota, was born in New York city. At an early age he was left a homeless orphan and was sent, when 8 years old, to Indiana, where he worked on a farm until the second year of the civil war. Then he enlisted as a drummer boy and served in that capacity until the close of the conflict. After that he educated himself, and was identified for some time with newspapers at Evansville, Ind. In 1880 he became a resident of Casselton, Dak., where he has filled the positions of bank cashier and county treasurer. The [illegible] now leads.



ANDREW H. BURKE.

A Tribute to Margaret Fuller.

Of Margaret Fuller George William Curtis [illegible] "As a scholar, [illegible] wider acquaintance [illegible] as a person of [illegible] insight and sympathy, [illegible] the noblest of [illegible] of feeling and [illegible] spiritual courage, she is one of the most [illegible] figures of Woman in the Nineteenth century."

SHE WAS POISONED!

Not by anything she drank or took, but by bad blood. Is it any wonder she feels "blue?" In most cases blues are only another name for bad blood. A man or woman feels unhappy. Life seems dark. The heart is heavy. Bad blood is carrying its poison all over the body, and we call it "blues."

Read these experiences:

Mrs. C. C. Hutchinson, of Pittston, Pa., says: "I consider Dr. Acker's English Blood Elixir the best medicine in the world, not only for blood troubles, but also for dyspepsia, with which I have been afflicted."

"Both my wife and myself firmly believe that Dr. Acker's English Blood Elixir is the best of all blood medicines, and will remove *all* impurities of the blood."

GEO. V. SCONER, Valley City, Dak.

This grand Elixir is sold by druggists in all parts of America. It is a pure, honest medicine; not a cheap sarsaparilla. Try it to-day.

For Sale by H. C. HOBERMAN & CO and W. B. FOYE.

BIG 4

HARVEST EXCURSIONS!

—TO THE—

WEST AND NORTHWEST,

SOUTH,

Southwest and Southeast.

The Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Ry.

—WILL SELL—

ROUND TRIP

EXCURSION - TICKETS!

To all prominent points in the West and Northwest, South, Southwest and Southeast

—AT—

HALF RATES

—ON—

Tuesday, September 9th,
Tuesday, September 23d,
Tuesday, October 14th,

All tickets good returning thirty days from date of sale. This is a glorious opportunity for Home Seekers to visit the territory named, and we would invite correspondence on the subject. For full information call on or address

E. A. DOMBAUGH,
Agt. C., C., C. and St. L. Ry., Marion, O.

D. B. MARTIN,
General Passenger Agent.

CAUTION W. L. Douglas Shoes are warranted, and every pair has his name and price stamped on bottom

$5.00 $4.00 $3.50 $2.50 $2.25 $2.00 FOR GENTLEMEN

$3.00 $2.00 FOR LADIES

$2.00 & $1.75 FOR BOYS

$1.75 FOR MISSES

W. L. DOUGLAS

$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Fine Calf and Laced Waterproof Grain.

The excellence and wearing qualities of this shoe cannot be better shown than by the strong endorsements of its thousands of constant wearers.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, an elegant and stylish dress Shoe which commends itself.
$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt. A fine calf Shoe unequalled for style and durability.
$3.50 Goodyear Welt is the standard dress Shoe at a popular price.
$3.50 Policeman's Shoe is especially adapted for railroad men, farmers, etc.

All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

$3 & $2 SHOES FOR LADIES,

have been most favorably received since introduced and the recent improvements make them superior to any shoes sold at these prices.

Ask your Dealer, and if he cannot supply you send direct to factory enclosing advertised price, or a postal for order blanks.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

SOLD BY

J. E. RHOADS.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"

MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY SHORTENS LABOR LESSENS PAIN DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD

BOOK "MOTHERS" TO MAILED FREE

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA

SOLD BY

H. C. HOBERMAN & CO.

TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address,

Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

The Marion Daily Star.

Published Every Evening Except Sunday
—BY—
W. G. HARDING.

TERMS:
By Mail..............$4 per Year in Advance
Delivered by Carrier......10 Cts. per Week

EIGHT PAGES.

SATURDAY, - - SEPTEMBER 13.

FINDLAY has a half dozen Republicans who are willing to sacrifice themselves as Congressional nominees on the republican ticket, but we fear Findlay Republicans are like the Findlay Democrats—not in it this time.

THE democratic papers are charging that Reed's money won him his striking victory. On this point the Toledo Commercial remarks "what a blamed fool Reed must be to buy 4000 votes more than he needed."

MARION may be moving along with the industrial procession, but there is no brass band or noisy drum corps to give evidence of it. Somehow we like the music with the marching. It adds to the enthusiasm and leaves no doubt.

LIMA is said to be threatened with the outrages of White Caps. The Oil City is certainly large enough and brave enough to take care of any such lawless element, and if it doesn't do it there is no need of extending sympathy.

THERE is evidence that the board of education has been fortunate in securing for the public schools the services of Sup't Powell. His executive ability is marked, and he is awakening an enthusiasm among the pupils that augurs well for a *highly* successful year.

THE recent continuous rains have been ascribed to the fact that a group of spots have been crossing the face of the sun. If this be true, old Sol should wash his face. If there isn't water nearer at hand he can find plenty on the earth just now, and soap, too, for that matter.

THREE days have passed since the Carey convention and yet the puns and alleged humor attempted on Mr. Hare's name are enough to drive one crazy. If that gentleman could see the exchanges that come to this office he would soon wish he had remained true to his promise to stay out of the race.

THERE is information to the effect that the industrial ball is being quietly rolled along and that there shall be encouraging announcements in a few days that carry facts with them. And there is said to be something on the way toward a board of trade. It is a sort of a still hunt just now, it seems.

LITTLE Wyandot is hogging the persimmons this year. There is danger in it, Dot, danger. You might swell up and bust.

That little deal at the Upper Sandusky judicial convention a few monhts ago panned out just as we had predicted. The Hare is a good racer.—Bucyrus Forum.

We fear, after reading the latter paragraph, that Bucyrus is not extending Marion as much sympathy as she might.

CAL BRICE, of Yorkohio, and Doc Norton (who continues to hold a state and a county office although hungry Bourbons think one should satisfy him) are still in the business of nominating candidates for congress for the democracy. Their latest work was the nomination, yesterday, of D. D. Hare, of Wyandot county, for congress from the Eighth district.—Mansfield News.

The News seems to know pretty well Norton is doing a big business in politics just now. There is a pointer to the effect that Norton looks after some of the county nominations, too, outside of Seneca county. But we must not dislike Norton too much because of his ability to do a great deal.

Half Fare Home Seekers Excursion South.

Those contemplating a trip to the new South for pleasure or in quest of new fields of labor should not fail to call or write on any agent of the Queen and Crescent route. This line will on September 9th and 23d and October 14th sell round trip tickets to points in Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, Arkansas and Texas, at one fare for the round trip. Tickets good 30 days for return. Four express trains leave Grand Central Depot, Cincinnati, daily, with through sleeping cars for Harriman, Cardiff, Rockwood, Chattanooga, Attalla, Birmingham, Meridian, New Orleans and Jacksonville, Florida. Making connection with through sleeper Chattanooga to Jackson and Vicksburg, Miss. This is your opportunity to visit the blooming South. The fall is the time to see it, September and October are pleasant months to travel. Be sure and ask for rates and tickets via Queen and Crescent route or D. G. Edwards, G. P. and T. A., Cincinnati, O. sat-owk

Diamond Robbers in Court.

DANBURY, Conn., Sept. 13.—George W. Wallace and George A. Wallace, who a few weeks ago entered [illegible] jewelry store, knocked down and gagged the clerk and stole $1[illegible] worth of diamonds and jewelry were arraigned for trial yesterday. They pleaded guilty and were sentenced to twelve years imprisonment each. As sentence was pronounced upon Wallace he jumped from his seat, knocked over his chair and made a rush at the judge. He was overpowered by the officers and removed.

CORNER, WALKER & DAVIS,

THE LEADING

MERCHANT TAILORS,

Are showing the largest and most complete line of Fall and Winter SUITINGS and OVERCOATINGS ever shown in Marion. Call and see and be convinced.

A GOOD INVESTMENT

A Letter from Rev. D. C. Vance, on the Advantages of an Union Central Life Insurance Policy.

MIDDLETOWN, O., July 22, 1890.—Smith & Carson, general agents, Union Central Life, Marion, Ohio.

Gentlemen: It affords me great pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of a draft from your company for $206.50.

In twenty years experience with the Union Central, I have received many proofs of the worth of the company and have become personally acquainted with its officers, and know them to be christian gentlemen.

I was insured July 27th, 1870, under policy No 2851, for $2000 annual premium $77.06.

The premium gradually grew less and less, and the dividends larger, until my last dividend amounted to $46.80 (and it must be remembered I had used my dividends each year to reduce my premium.) I am informed by your secretary, Mr. I. P. Marshall, that I shall receive another dividend, one year hence, thus receiving nearly $2100, for an outlay of only $1276.00, in annual premiums and besides I have had the protection of a $2000 insurance policy every day for twenty years for nothing.

I can truthfully say, I never made a better investment in all my life than when I took endowment policy No 2851.

I have been so well pleased that I have this day made application for another policy for $2000.

I most cheerfully commend the Union Central (Ohio's only life company) to all who desire life insurance in a good reliable company.

Most respectfully,
D. C. VANCE.

Do you carry life insurance? If not, why not?

Look up the subject and take some form of endowment policy, and by so doing protect your family and at the same time be laying up something for yourself, should you live out the endowment period.

Call on or address Smith & Carson, Campbell block, Marion, O. sat-wk tt

Cheap Excursion West and Northwest.

On Sept 6th, 23d and Oct. 14th, the popular Chicago, St Paul and Kansas City R'y will sell excursion tickets at one fare for the round trip to the West and Northwest. For rates and information, address

s-tw-tiw J. A. GRANGER, G. P. A.
23 Clinton Bld'g, Columbus, O.

BASE BALL.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

At Cincinnati—Cincinnati 7, Pittsburg 3.

At Cincinnati—Cincinnati 11, Pittsburg 1.

At Boston—Boston 6, Philadelphia 13.

At Chicago—Chicago 17, Cleveland 2.

At Chicago—Chicago 11, Cleveland 4.

At New York—Rain.

PLAYERS' LEAGUE.

At Philadelphia—Rain.

At Brooklyn—Brooklyn 8, Boston 7.

At Cleveland—Cleveland 3, Chicago 4.

At [illegible]—[illegible]

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

At Columbus—Columbus 4, Louisville 3.

He Wasn't Refused.

"I have had a delightful evening," he said, as he took his hat and rose to go. "Say I call again?"

"I shall be glad to see you," she replied, with a blush.

As he walked out into the hall he saw in the mirror of the hat rack a reflection of the young girl slyly throwing a kiss at him. He returned back.

"I must have that in the original package," he whispered, and he was not refused.—Clothier.

All the Difference in the World.

What's in a name? the poet asks.
I'd add in this relation
There's penury and affluence
In one abbreviation.

For in my seedy student days,
When e'er I had a letter,
'Twas sure to be a bill addressed
To "Jonas Snelling, Dr."

But now I drive a dashing pair,
I own a handsome dwelling,
And letters come with checks addressed
To "Dr. Jonas Snelling."

—Allan M. Pratt in Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Death Sentence Pronounced.

ATLANTA, Sept. 13.—Rufus B. Collins and Emily Boon were sentenced in Gordon county yesterday to be hanged on Nov. 7. The execution will be public. Collins is the white man who hired Steve Custer to kill his wife, for which crime Custer was sentenced to prison for life.

The Earth Trembles.

SANTA FE, N. M., Sept. 13.—A very perceptible earthquake shock was experienced in parts of this city this morning. It was of about three second's duration and some persons claim they have seen lava gushing from the extinct volcanoes. The damage was [illegible]

LIGHT AND AIRY

Cruel Pa.

"I've bought a bonnet, papa, dear.
My beau declares 'tis trimmed with taste;
I have no funds, and I've come here
To see if you will foot the bill."

"Your beau! and what may be his name?"
The father roughly questioned her,
She hung her head, with cheeks aflame,
And softly answered, "William, sir."

His eyes shone with a dangerous light.
"Hum! So he says 'tis trimmed with skill!
Well, bring him to the house to-night,
And I will gladly foot your Bill."

—Boston Courier.

Deaf and Dumb

Deaf and Dumb Beggar (at unexpectedly receiving a quarter)—Oh, thankee, thankee.

Benevolent Passer—Eh? What does this mean, sir? You can talk!

Beggar (in confusion)—Yes, sir. Ye see, sir, I'm only holdin' this corner for th' poor deaf and dumb man wot belongs here.

Benevolent Passer (quickly)—Where is he?

Beggar (in worse confusion)—He's—he's gone to th' park t' hear de music.—New York Weekly.

What He Took

"What did he take?" inquired the detective that had been hastily summoned.

"I think he took the train for Canada," replied the bank president, who was walking about through the empty vault and whistling dolefully an andante in G minor.—Chicago Tribune.

Strange Rumor.

Wiggins—I see by the papers that a certain New York dude has over one hundred suits of clothes.

Muggins—I know something more wonderful.

Wiggins—What may it be?

Muggins—It is rumored that there is a New York dude who has one suit that is paid for.—America.

Local Time Card.

ERIE.

☞The Erie can not afford to pay for having its time card printed, hence it is omitted.

BIG FOUR.

(In effect on and after May 18, 1890.)

WEST		EAST	
No. 3	10 42 a. m.	No. 10	8 41 a. m.
No. 7	6 05 p. m.	No. 2	6 55 p. m.
No. 9	12 19 a. m.	No. 18	9 44 p. m.
No. 17	4 17 a. m.	No. 8	4 22 a. m.
No. 81, local,	7 00 a. m.	No. 80, local,	2 35 p. m.
No. 83, *M.Ac	8 30 a. m.	No. 82 *M.Ac	3 45 p. m.

*Marion accommodation, runs no farther west than this city.

C., H. V. AND T.

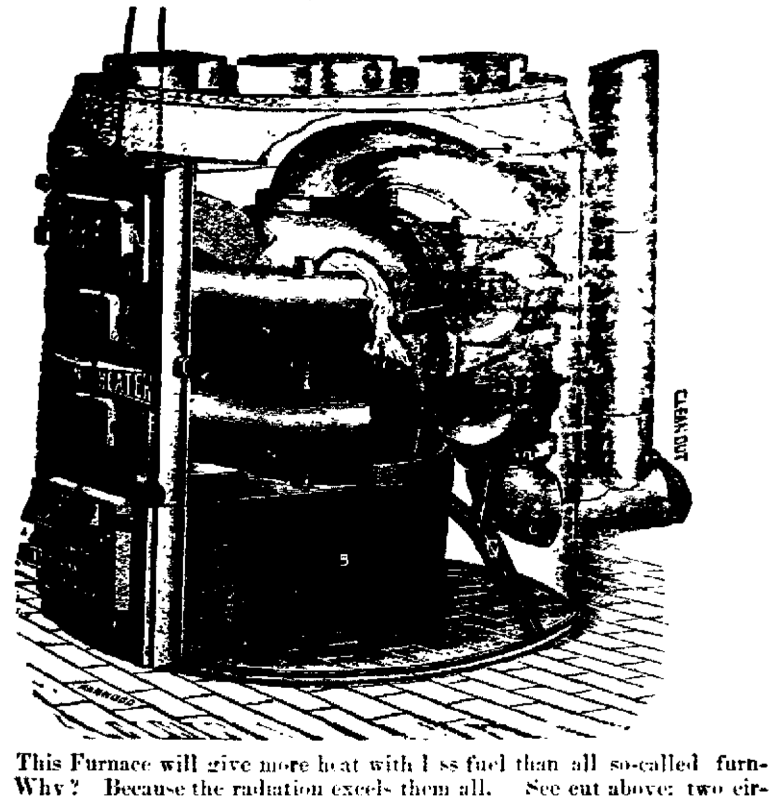
NORTH		SOUTH	
No. 31	6 50 am	No. 30	5 45 am
No. 33	11 35 am	No. 32	9 15 am
No. 35	7 21 pm	No. 34	1 14 pm
No. 37	1 19 pm	No. 36	6 45 pm

All trains run Sunday but 34 and 33. Trains 35 and 37 run only between Marion and Columbus.

C. AND A.

WEST.		EAST.	
No. 1	9 30 a. m.	No. 6	11 20 p. m.
No. 5	12 35 p. m.	No. 2	7 00 p. m.
No. 3	11 20 p. m.	No. 12	4 30 a. m.
No. 7	3 15 p. m.	No. 8	11 30 a. m.

HOWARD (:-:) FURNACE!



This Furnace will give more heat with less fuel than all so-called furnaces. Why? Because the radiation excels them all. See cut above: two circular flues passing fire around outside of fire-pot. So far only consumed 4½ tons of coal. Call and examine them. Also see our Mantles and other goods.

Romoser & Wren.

VAUGHAN & ALLEN,
PLUMBERS!
STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,
226 North Main Street.

In order that we may not carry a large stock of hose over winter we are selling 15c and 16c hose for 13c a foot; hose carriage thrown in with every 100 feet. We guarantee this hose for one year. Lawn sprinklers at cost.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

OYSTERS!

The leading Oyster House in Marion is

THE ENGLISH KITCHEN.

The best brands on hand, fresh, at all times. Sold by can or served to order.

B. HALL, Proprietor.

WARNER & EDWARDS'

FALL AND WINTER ANNOUNCEMENT.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Dress Goods, Cloaks and Shawls, Domestics, Notions!

Three Solid Floors Loaded With

DRY GOODS AND CARPETS!

First and Second Floors, Retail; Third Floor, Wholesale.

First Floor---Dress Goods, Underwear, Flannels, Blankets, Domestics, Notions, Etc.;
Second Floor---Carpet Department, Cloak and Shawl Department;
Third Floor---Wholesale Department.

Having taken the third floor of the building we are better prepared than ever for Increased Business in All Departments.

Dress Goods!

Novelties.
Pattern Suits.
Beautiful Plaids.
Camels' Hair.
Cheviots
and the best values ever shown in Plain Fabrics.

CARPETS.

Beautiful Patterns in Beautiful Colorings in Moquette, Body Brussels and Ingrain Carpets. People furnishing houses can be suited and can save money with us. Carpets made and laid by superior workmen.

Yarns and Blankets.

Honest Woolens from Mechanicsburg, Ohio, the best goods in the State—Skirts, Flannels, Yarns and Blankets.

Black Dress Goods!

The popularity of Black Dress Goods still increases. We have the correct things.

Black Dress Silks.

The New French Weaves!
Warranted to Give Satisfaction!

RUGS.

Wilton Rugs, Astrachan Rugs,
Smyrna Rugs,
Ingrain Rugs, Mats, Hassocks, Etc.

UNDERWEAR.

Our line is very complete and contains the best values that we have ever shown. Natural Gray, Camels Hair, Scarlet and White for Men, Ladies, Boys, Children and Infants.

Cloaks, Wraps!

Popular Stockinette Jackets, stylish Cloth Jackets in new shapes, desirable Long Wraps.

PLUSH CLOAKS.

Reefers, Long Cloaks, Misses' Jackets (very stylish), all of the new shapes in Ladies' Plush Wraps. Special inducements to early purchasers.

DRAPERIES.

Portiers by the yard or by the pair,
Irish Point Curtains,
Swiss Lace Curtains,
Shades, Poles, Etc.

Flannels & Canton Flannels.

Medicated Scarlet Flannels, celebrated Shaker Flannels, beautiful French Flannels, Shirting Flannels. Customers will find our Canton Flannels at 7, 8 and 10c, the best goods shown in Marion for the money.

With increased facilities for handling goods in quantities we can at all times give the very lowest possible prices on every article in our line. We are in constant receipt of New Goods, and at all times will show the most attractive and desirable things in the market.

WARNER & EDWARDS.

ECKHART'S
Merchant Tailoring Department!
First-Class in Every Respect.

YOU will find the very latest in Overcoatings, consisting of Black and Blue Cheviots, Black, Blue, Gray and the novelty of the season — Green Meltons, Montagnacs, Chinchillas.

IN SUITINGS you will find the Clay Diagonals and the ever popular Cheviots in Black, Plain, Checks and Stripes. Worsteds in all shades and the very best qualities.

TROUSERINGS.—I am offering a fine line of Patterns in Stripes and Checks in Worsteds and in all desirable goods.

GIVE me a trial. Perfect fits and satisfaction or no sale. My cutter, Mr. Paul Gettum, is one of the best in Ohio. Prices are right and a single trial will convince you that the place to have a Suit, Overcoat or Pants made to order is at the store of

Eckhart. Eckhart.

THE HOME
STEAM LAUNDRY
IS NOW OPEN AND
READY FOR BUSINESS!

To the People of Marion:

The Home Steam Laundry, a new solicitor for Marion patronage, opened for business on Monday, Sept. 8th. The undersigned have fitted up a first-class Steam Laundry in the Kerr House block, back of Farmers' Bank, supplied with the very best machinery, that will be operated with experienced hands. This enables us to solicit patronage with a guarantee that all work shall be of a quality unexcelled anywhere—we except no city —and all orders will be filled promptly.

Goods will be called for and delivered free of charge. Of course all orders brought to the Laundry will be appreciated, but we will cheerfully call for them if name and address is only left with us or sent in. We solicit at least a trial.

Yours Obediently,

CUSTER & FRIES.

Home Steam Laundry.

Marion County Fair!
TO BE HELD AT
MARION, OHIO,
—ON—
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday,
Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2 and 3, '90.

$8000 in PREMIUMS
The Premium List has been revised and enlarged, and includes nearly all articles entered for exhibition. Competition in all classes cordially invited.

BEAUTIFUL AND SHADED GROUNDS!

$10,000 EXPENDED IN NEW BUILDINGS AND HALLS!
Grounds well supplied with water and all conveniences for the comfort of both exhibitors and visitors. Ample accommodations are provided for stock of all kinds.

EXCITING RACES—TROTTING, RUNNING, PACING!
Each day of the Fair, on one of the best half-mile tracks in the State. Liberal purses are offered in all the classes.

INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION!
Exemplifying the remarkable products of the Farm and Dairy, the skilled handiwork of the Household, and the wonderful progress of the Mechanical Arts and Sciences.

Horses, Cattle and Sheep!
Marion County is noted as being one of the best in the State for producing the best stock of Horses, Cattle and Sheep, and this year will excel all former years in the exhibit of Stock of all kinds.

THE POULTRY EXHIBIT
Will include choice specimens of all the noted strains, and for excellence and variety this department will be unsurpassed.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLE DISPLAYS
Illustrating the bounties of Nature with specimens remarkable for size and beauty.

The Ladies' Department!
Will attract unusual interest and contain hundreds of useful household products.

GRAND FLORAL DISPLAY
Complete in extent and variety, and surpassing that of all previous exhibitions.

EXCURSION RATES ON ALL RAILROADS!

L. REBER.................................... PRESIDENT.
H. M. AULT.................................. SECRETARY.

SEND FOR A PREMIUM LIST!
ADMISSION, 25c TO ALL PARTS OF THE GROUNDS
COME ONE. COME ALL!

—Ryder, the jeweler, opposite the Kerr House.

—John McLaughlin, roadmaster of the C. and E., was in town today.

—Ira Irey left for his home in Buffalo this morning, after a week's stay in the city.

—A very small class of applicants was before the county board of school examiners today.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mason have gone to Tiffin to attend the funeral of a cousin of Mrs. Mason.

—A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Toombs, at their home on west Silver street, this morning.

—Mrs. Dr. Bowdish was called in haste to Carlisle, Ohio, in consequence of the severe sickness of an aged aunt.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Creasap are visiting in Toronto, Canada, the guests of Mrs. Creasap's sister, Mrs. Easterbrook.

—Erie train 5 is six hours late today, on account of a washout east of Salamanca. All trains had to go by way of Buffalo.

—Bucyrus Telegraph: Joseph J. Arthur, of Marion, is at present located at Bucyrus, having accepted a position on the daily Telegraph.

—Dr. Thomas reports Mr. H. M. Barnhart to be doing nicely in his struggle with malarial fever, but it will be some time yet before he will be able to get out.

—Henry Cunningham and Miss Jennie Hughes, who have been the guests of their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, on north West street, for some time past, have returned to their homes at Lancaster.

—Toledo Commercial: Rumors are rife that trainmen on the Erie railway contemplate a strike because the road handles New York Central freight. It is to be hoped that better reason than this will prevail.

—The Crolius Comedy company closes its engagement at Music Hall tonight with a presentation of Muldoon's Picnic. There have been crowded houses and pleased audiences every night during the week.

—The Delaware fair this week had to be abandoned on account of the weather. It is sincerely hoped that no such bad luck will befall the agricultural society here. Marion will doubtless have her usual good fortune.

—Annie F. Clark, the LaRue woman who attempted to suicide Wednesday, has not yet recovered and is lying very low. The woman made an assignment on Monday, and this reverse of fortune was without doubt the cause of the attempt to take her own life.

—Services at the U. B. church Sunday morning and evening. At forenoon services the election of class officers will take place. Subject for morning, "Overcoming Difficulties."—Luke 19-3. By request, evening, "Difficulties Overcome." An illustrated subject by the pastor, J. L. Hensley.

—The gallery in the East street Baptist church has been taken away. A piece of board was found marked "C. Fies, May 15, 1875," indicating the date when the work was done. Today the venerable pulpit will be removed. These are changes in a "landmark." The building was erected in 1843.

—Huntington Democrat: Ten new men were put to work in the C. and E. machine shops yesterday and six in the round house. Several will also be put on in the boiler shop soon.——Miss Anna Curren, who visited several months with her brother, John Curren, C. and E. train dispatcher, in this city, returned home to Marion, Ohio, yesterday.

—Cards are out announcing the approaching marriage of Miss Marietta Search to Mr. William C. Butcher, the ceremony to occur at the Presbyterian church, Thursday evening, September 25. Miss Search hardly needs any introduction at her home, where she is so well and favorably known, and THE STAR readers have recently acquired an admiring acquaintance through her charming series of letters on her tour abroad. Mr. Butcher is a worthy and much esteemed gentleman, of Sidney, Ohio.

NOT ENOUGH INTEREST

The Morral Cultivator Enterprise Receiving Poor Support.

S. E. Morral, of Morral, was in the city today, looking after the business of raising stock for the establishment of the Morral Cultivator works here. A good deal has already been said in regard to securing these works for Marion, but the want of interest and consequent lack of support being received prompts a few remarks.

The Morral Bros. ask so little and their machine is acknowledged to be such a good one, that the uninterested way in which the enterprise is being received is a matter for surprise, and a discredit to the boasted enterprise of Marion. As a matter of news the work of raising the necessary $10,000 stock has progressed rather slowly. What has been received in the way of support comes from men with limited means, while those with capital are holding back, presumably with the tacit understanding that they can swoop down, when the thing becomes a paying investment, and with their usual appetence gobble the stock.

But the enterprise has not been abandoned by any means, and it will be to the credit of Marion that a vigorous effort be put forth to consummate the preliminary work of securing the industry. It is to the interest of every citizen to assist in bringing a manufactory here that promises so well as the Morral Cultivator Works.

WAS A GOOD MOVE

The Union of the Chicago and Atlantic and Erie Roads.

[Huntington Democrat.]

Other roads than the Wabash are to be seriously effected by the re-organization of the Chicago and Atlantic road and its amalgamation with the Erie system. The Grand Trunk, for instance, may feel the change in a material reduction of one part of its traffic. The Chicago and Atlantic was originally built as the western outlet for the Erie system. For some time after its opening it got the larger share of the Erie's west bound freight, and had it continued to do so would doubtless have been from the very outset of its career a dividend paying road, and would have had no need of a receiver or reorganization at this date. When the quarrel arose, however, between John King and President J. B. Benedict, and when the latter could not be forced to relinquish the control of the Chicago and Atlantic, the Erie got its revenge by withdrawing its business from the Chicago and Atlantic and giving it to the Grand Trunk and other roads west from Buffalo. From that day to this the relations existing between the Erie and Grand Trunk have been of the closest possible kind. Most of the Erie's west bound freight came over that road, and although after the Chicago and Atlantic got into the hands of a receiver friendly relations were renewed with the Erie, the Grand Trunk still continued to get a large share of the Erie's business, both passenger and freight.

Now it is said all this is to be changed. By the absorption of the Chicago and Atlantic the Erie has got a through route of its own from the seaboard to Chicago, and all its business will be done over its own tracks. The new arrangements, withdrawing the traffic from the Grand Trunk, will go into effect not later than November 1, when all the ballasting and needed repairs to the Chicago and Erie will have been completed. This change will be a favorable one for the Nypano road. Through no fault of its own it was an equal sufferer with the Chicago and Atlantic by means of the breaking off of friendly relations with the Erie. It formed the connecting link between the two roads, and when the traffic of the Erie was diverted to the Grand Trunk the Nypano was left with little or nothing to do. Now all this will be changed. The Chicago and Erie and the Nypano will organize and come in for the whole of the Erie's business, both East and west bound, between Chicago and the seaboard, and the effect will be at once seen in an increase of the revenue. Their gain, however, will be the Grand Trunk's loss. That road will be deprived of a large traffic it has hitherto been doing in connection with the Erie, and will now be left pretty much to its own resources to secure what business it can for itself between these places.

DAMAGE BY FLOODS.

The County Will Suffer Considerable by Damage from the Rains of the Past Few Days.

The county commissioners have been busy the past couple days, looking after the damage done by the excessive rains this week. A number of bridges have been washed away by the floods, while there are doubtless more that have not been heard from.

Grand township seems to have suffered the most general destruction by the rains, while Montgomery has had almost an equal share. Two bridges in the former have been washed away, one a 35-feet bridge and another across what is known as Enoch Creek, 24 feet in length. Another 24-feet bridge in Montgomery township has also disappeared, besides smaller ones, entailing a loss that can not be estimated at present.

The western part of the county has been visited by both hail and rain, and the damage to the corn crop is considerable. The pike roads have also suffered considerably by being washed out in places, and the expense of repairing will be considerable.

In the east part of the county the Whetstone is still out of its banks, and crops and fences have been damaged there. Taken all together the rains of the week have been quite destructive.

Since the above was written we have learned of the experience of William Obern, at his farm southeast of here about seven miles. Mr. Obern lives on the banks of the Whetstone, and he received considerable damage by the floods. The first floor of his house was flooded several feet deep, the water running in above the window sills. The barn, if possible, was in a worse condition, and it was by the greatest efforts that three head of horses therein were saved from drowning. Mr. Obern and an assistant swam from the house to the barn and took the animals out, and both horses and men narrowly escaped drowning. The hennery on the premises was washed away and went down stream, containing 100 head of fowls. A number of logs were carried down stream also, but were saved by drifting onto a haystack.

Another gentleman in the vicinity of Mr. Obern lost seventeen head of valuable sheep, while the damage to the corn crop in the neighborhood can not be estimated.

Free Baptist Church.

There will be preaching in the basement of this church next Sabbath, at 11 a. m.; subject, "A faithful church brings good results." Text, Acts ii 42. "And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and in prayer."

At 7:30 p. m. the pastor will deliver his third discourse on Hebrews; subject, "The old and new dispensations compared." Text, third chapter.

SPECIAL FALL AND WINTER ANNOUNCEMENT
OF THE
Blue Front Clothing House.

OUR stock of Fall Clothing is now complete. That it is the largest goes without saying, and a careful comparison of prices will convince you that the Blue Front is the place to purchase your Fall Supply. Our complete stock of

SUITS AND FALL OVERCOATS!

IS open for your inspection—clean, new and fresh goods of all qualities, from the finest materials made in the perfection of the tailors' art to the medium and low grades. Mothers, you who are looking for the place where you can clothe your boys to the best advantage, we call your attention to our

BOYS' AND CHLDREN'S DEPARTMENT!

GREAT care has been taken in selecting goods for this department, and we are certain that we can please you better than any establishment in Marion county. We have all the Latest Novelties that can be found in the market, and are fully prepared to please all—from the little 3-year-old to the youth in full dress. In fact, never was such a fine stock of goods throughout placed under one roof as can now be seen at the

BLUE FRONT CLOTHING HOUSE
Opposite Hotel Marion, Marion, O.

FRAME & BEICHER,
Undertakers and Furniture Dealers!
HEADQUARTERS FOR

PARLOR SUITS
PATENT ROCKERS
EASY CHAIRS
COUCHES
BEDROOM SETS
OAK PLUSH ROCKERS IN GREAT VARIETIES
SIDEBOARDS
FANCY OAK TABLES

Etc., at prices to compete with any Furniture dealer in Central Ohio.

UNDERTAKING

Our Undertaking Department is complete. All calls attended to promptly, day or night. Bodies Embalmed and prepared carefully by the latest approved methods, at reasonable prices. For conducting funerals we need no recommendations.

FISHER BLOCK, WEST CENTER STREET, MARION, OHIO.

H. M. AULT'S
Fire and Tornado
INSURANCE AGENCY!

OFFICE: Bennett Block, First Stairway East of Postoffice.

We are Still Here.

For fear the people of Marion and vicinity should think that the recent great rains have driven us out, we take this opportunity of assuring you, that we are still at our post and selling all kinds of jewelers' merchandise cheaper than ever. And, notwithstanding the rain has poured down in torrents, the people who are posted, have come in to see us, and gone away happy. Fine goods and low prices tell the story.

We are determined to make a reputation for extreme low prices, and to that end we are now cutting prices lower than the lowest. Look out for further announcements in these columns. G. RYDER, sign of the big watch, north Main street, Marion, Ohio. 1t

First Baptist Church.

At the First Baptist church, on East street, J. R. Downer pastor, preaching every Sunday, morning and evening; Sunday school, 9:45 a.m.; prayer meeting, Wednesday evening.

Sunday, Sept. 14th, services may be expected as usual. Morning text I Kings 19:13—"What doest thou here Elijah?" Evening text, Rom. 7:21.—"When I would do good, evil is present with me." All invited.

It is probable that services will not be held again in this house till after the proposed improvements have been made. Notice will be given as to place of future meetings.

Minstrels Coming.

Elliott, Quivey & McKee's Imperial Minstrels will appear at the Music Hall, next Friday evening, with a first-class entertainment, one of the principal features of which is the grand spectacular first part scene, in which will appear the superb solo orchestra, assisted by the imperial quartette and the inimitable end men, Covel, Quivey, Bassett, Cole, Lawrence and Allyn. The management assures us that their entertainment will not be marred by any word or action that could offend the most fastidious.

Jail Delivery.

St. Louis, Sept. 13. The Chronicle's Little Rock, Ark., special says a sensational jail delivery is announced from Hope, Ark. Four prisoners escaped by sawing iron bars and are still at large. One of the number, McCarthy, is a noted desperado from the Indian Territory. After leaving the prison he stole a horse and continued his flight.

WILLIAMS & LEFFLER,
THE LEADING
Merchant Tailors,
ARE NOW SHOWING ALL THE
Novelties and Staples of the Season
IN
Fall and Winter Goods!
A Perfect Fit and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

A Site for the Fair
Has been the interesting theme discussed by thousands in the past few months. I wish to interest you in a discussion. "The Site for the Fair," meaning, of course, the Ladies of Marion, is the Delightful Display of New Styles in

LADIES' FOOTWEAR
Now on view at our store. I can fit any foot, furnish any style of Shoe and guarantee all work to be of the best. I want to

MATCH THE CHICAGO FEAT
Of winning the World's Fair by a greateer feat—winning the custom of the Fair of Marion. If I can win I can hold it by quality and prices.

JOHN H. STOLL,
SOUTH MAIN STREET, - - - - - MARION, OHIO.

CHASE & HUNTER,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

No. 38.	Fine house, large lot with fruit, near shops, for.....	$2000
" 37.	Brick house, 8 rooms, 3 lots, barn, well and cistern,	3000
" 36.	Large and small house with lot, respectively, $1000 and	500
" 35.	House of 3 rooms, cellar, shed, barn, two lots, fruit, well and cistern,..............................	1000
" 34.	Lot 209, house, barn, fruit; central; cheap,........	2100
" 33.	New house and barn, nice lot; near fair ground,....	1600
" 32.	Brick residence, beautiful lot, opp. Union S. B.,....	7500
" 31.	Large frame house, lot, stable, cellar, fruit, etc.,....	3300
No. 30.	Beautiful lots, cheap for location. $2000, $1000, $1200,	1000
" 20.	Lots central, east side Girard street. - $450 and $	550
" 18.	3 acres nearly, with large house (cost $2200), small house; all for - -	2000
" 17.	House and lot on Grand avenue, - - -	900
" 16.	Fine lot, central location, very cheap at - -	1200
" 15.	Splendid house, large barn, large lot, corner south and Windsor streets, - worth, $3000.	2700

MONEY to LOAN
On Farm and City Property by the "Perpetual Saving and Building Association, on first mortgage, at low rates of interest. Loan can be paid at option of borrower, in short or long time. No life insurance required. Apply to Chase & Hunter, agents, Marion, Ohio.

MAKING GOOD JELLY.

NATURE HERSELF GIVES A HINT FOR ADULTERATION.

Are You Eating Fruit or Vegetable Jelly—Mexican Dulces Made of Squash—A Variety of Good Short Recipes from Juliet Corson.

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

Many a good housewife wonders when the juice of fruit remains liquid, obstinately declining to meet her expectations of a jelly. The total perversity of inanimate things verifies itself too speedily for her comfort, much to her wonder, perhaps, or possibly repeating old puzzling conditions. The fruit may seem identical with that previously used with success. The question has often been asked how the proper condition may be known by the appearance, flavor, color.

By none of these indications. It really seems to be one of Lord Dundreary's problems "that no fellow ever can find out." Undoubtedly it is of the handiwork of that great chemist the sun. The pectose of unripe fruit is transformed by the heat of the sun into pectin, the basis of fruit jelly. This substance (pectose), which exists in a number of edible roots, such as carrots, turnips and parsnips, can be changed by boiling into pectin or vegetable jelly. As a matter of fact the chemical analysis of fruits and vegetables has yielded several almost identical substances which are classed as pectose, but it would be difficult in the present stage of chemical inquiry to say which is the actual basis of jelly. Perhaps it is as vague as the origin of the odor of the fruit.

Associated with the pectose group in both fruit and vegetables is the substance called cellulose, the basis of the cell walls in fruits, leaves, stalks and roots. Its elements are similar to those of starch, and it probably figures in jams and solid sweetmeats, because it is not soluble in boiling water. The flavor lacking in vegetables is due to the presence of acids in fruits. In the orange family, which includes all the bitter varieties, and the shaddock, lime and lemon, gooseberries, currants, barberries, cranberries, blackberries, strawberries and raspberries, citric acid prevails in combination with some potash and traces of malic acid.

The intense acid of garden rhubarb is oxalic, like that of sorrel. The taste of green grapes is somewhat like that of apples, owing to the presence of malic acid. As the fruit ripens the quantity of tartaric acid increases, and the fruit acquires diuretic and laxative qualities. The seeds and skins are astringent from the amount of tannic acid they contain. It is this which causes the unpleasant taste when they are crushed in eating and which gives the astringency to wine. The chemical analysis of grapes is confined to those varieties best known as wine producers. There are over 1,500 distinct varieties, and their medicinal properties have been known since the earliest historic or traditional times, when Bacchus was but another Siva, creator, destroyer and restorer, even as he is in these prosaic days, when five pounds of white Chasselas are allotted as a day's subsistence. Any one who has eaten the delicious Tokay and sweet white clusters of Southern California would be content with such semi-liquid nectar. The daily quantity advised when grapes are to be the diet is from three pounds to ten or twelve, eaten from the vine preferably, thus adding the tonic of outdoor life to the food value of the delicious fruit.

Apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries and tomatoes are all excellent from their abundance of malic acid and the cellulose and pectose necessary to produce jelly or jam. Since chemical analysis shows all these elements to be present in the vegetables already mentioned, it gives the tip to unscrupulous manufacturers of supplying the deficient flavoring acids, and presto, change! There you are! The clearest, finest of jellies, flavored with whatever nicety of taste nature has bestowed as a makeweight for lack of conscience. In the tubs of "apple butter" sold as the pure fruit any of the vegetables specified above might be recognized if the observer were a clairvoyant, and pumpkin and squash masquerade as citron and kindred sweets.

A legitimate dulce is made in Southern California and New Mexico from our familiar yellow squash, for which the recipe was obtained from the obliging restaurateur. The menu for the entire dinner may interest our readers. It was served to Mrs. Laura B. Starr.

Vermicelli Soup.
Spanish Dish of Rice, with Tomato Sauce.
Tortillas, with Red Pepper Sauce.
Enchiladis. Frijoles.
Tamales, with Spanish Sauce.
Lettuce and Tomato Sauce.
Dulces. Coffee.

The dulces or candied squash was made of yellow squash, peeled and cut in half inch dice, the seeds being thrown away. Half a pailful of quicklime was slaked in a tubful of water, and in this the squash was soaked over night. The next morning the squash, drained from the limewater, was boiled for fifteen minutes in water actually boiling at first; meantime a sirup was made from sugar equal in weight with the squash, about a gill of cold water being added to the sugar as a basis for the sirup. The squash being skimmed from the boiling water is boiled in the sirup until it looks clear, like citron melon preserve. A little lemon may be preserved with the squash. It is skimmed from the sirup as soon as it cooks clear, and when all is done the sirup is boiled down until it jellies slightly when cooled. When the sirup and preserve are both cold, jars containing them can be closed air tight and will keep very well.

HIGHLY SEASONED HOT WEATHER DISHES.

The rule seems well founded that very highly seasoned sauces or relishes are needed as a foil for the farinaceous foods so largely eaten in hot countries, and the practice is satisfactory in our own climate in summer. For instance, pepper pancakes, cayenne sauce and peppered [illegible] hot weather dishes and are made [illegible] with the expressed juice [illegible] red [illegible] peppers, [illegible] palate [illegible]. As these special dishes readers will do well to keep these recipes, for they are not yet published in any of the writer's published books.

CAYENNE SAUCE.

Choose the largest red [illegible] peppers, wash them in cold water and wipe them perfectly dry; put them in a pan in a hot oven or before the fire, turning them, so that the heat strikes all parts, until they are tender; cut the peppers open, remove the seeds and rub the flesh through a sieve with a potato masher; the eyes should not be held over the sieve, because the pepper fumes are very irritating, but if by any mischance they should be hurt they should either be bathed in milk or covered with cloths saturated with it. The pulp of the peppers after being passed through the sieve should have enough boiling water added to make it the proper liquid consistency, seasoned with salt and then bottled for use. There is a very good essence of pepper upon the market.

JULIET CORSON.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

Which Hour in a Woman's Life Is the Happiest?

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

The Ladies' Home Journal contains letters from a number of prominent women in answer to the question: Which is the happiest hour in a woman's life? Frances Willard says the happiest hour in her life was that in which she was least conscious of herself and most uplifted into holy thoughts and purposes, which is a beautiful answer. The happiest hour in Jennie June's life was the hour when she paid off a $10,000 mortgage that it had taken ten years to liquidate. Rose Terry Cooke, who preaches that a woman ought to obey her husband, believes that the happiest hour of a woman's life is the hour of her death. Rose ought to think that way. Anybody who believes such a horrid doctrine as she pretends to could not well think otherwise. The idea of "obeying" a man! Mrs. Frank Leslie declares the happiest hour of a woman's life is when she is dressing to meet her lover after long absence. But they are all wrong. The happiest hour of a woman's life is when she is asleep.

There is no good reason why a woman should not earn her own living in paying employments unless she is the mother of little children that demand her care. On general principles why should men support women? Just as long as they do, just that long will women be dependent on them.

When women have pecuniary independence all gates will open to them of their own accord. The way to get pecuniary independence is to go in for it and get it.

From the remarks of certain ladies on the subject of women's bathing costumes and ball and dinner dresses we are to conclude that the Creator did a most improper thing when he made the human body, that magnificent and beautiful statue of pink tinted flesh. Women are not a bit more immodest from wearing a bathing dress which will allow them to use the muscles freely in swimming. There is a very old and noble saying, and it is this: "Evil to him who evil thinks." It ought, however, to read as follows: "Evil is in the heart of him who evil thinks."

For four years Miss Cora L. Outcalt has been official stenographer of the supreme court of Nebraska, that grand young state which has grown so wonderfully since the last census. When this energetic girl was only 18 years old she was enrolling clerk of the Nebraska house of representatives, and filled her office to the satisfaction of all, The Nebraska State Journal says. With her savings in this place she went to St. Louis and took the course in stenography. She found work at her chosen occupation immediately. Since receiving the appointment of clerk of the supreme court she has begun the study of law, looking ahead to still further honors and emoluments. It will thus be seen that since she was 18 this girl has been engaged in steady and arduous labors, yet we have no record that her health broke down once under the strain. Girls' health does not break down any more from work or study, as the old fogy doctors declared it would under the strain of higher education and general employment for the sex. And they professed the greatest solicitude for the perpetuation of the race, these blessed doctors. Well, the race isn't dying out much as yet.

The way to look young is to preserve the child nature and not let the griefs and disappointments of life make any lasting impression of gloom upon you. The child breaks its heart over a broken toy, but forgets all about it next morning. All our griefs are as broken toys. The youngest looking woman for her age that I know said to me: "I do have the blues sometimes. I cry my eyes out all afternoon, and then get up and go to the theatre and have a lovely time in the evening." All this is sound philosophy, except the crying part. Don't do that. It is bad, and hurts the complexion and eyes terribly.

In the [illegible] the treasury [illegible] at Washington [illegible] with women in the [illegible] the detection of counterfeit money.

Senator Blair, the great [illegible], has reported to the United States senate, on behalf of the majority members of the committee on woman suffrage in [illegible] a constitutional amendment giving [illegible] women the [illegible] says: "Prejudice [illegible] women [illegible] equal [illegible] suffrage."

Eliza Archard Conner

THE FASHIONS OF PARIS.

Four Gowns That Are Stylish, Dainty and Artistic.

Dresses for home and reception are generally cut princesse style, which follows all the outlines of the figure and is very pleasing. One very handsome costume for an "at home" was of cardinal India silk, with small black flowers and with three of the new black lace panels upon the skirt in front. The corsage was trimmed to simulate a basque with the same pattern of lace, and the front was filled in with white chiffon.

AT HOME COSTUME.

The ornamental panels for the new rich materials which will be worn late this fall and winter are very beautiful. The form is made in an elongated V, to be applied with the wide part downward. The embroidery is of the richest description. Some of them are worked on faille or silk, and in all the soft Persian colors, interspersed with gold and silver threads. The lovely cream serges will have a panel of violet or mauve faille, with a regular lace pattern embroidered all over it in heavy silk. Sometimes the veinings are done in gold or silver thread, making it wondrously beautiful.

White and cream colored Spanish lace are both used very much in combination with surah, faille and foulard silk, and one or two very novel gowns are shown of black faille with the entire front breadth of white lace, with sleeves and vest to match. This is so novel a fancy that it will become very popular.

Another is of mauve faille, princesse style, with perfectly plain back, plaited heavily, and in front it is draped gracefully with white lace, of which the full sleeves are also made. The waist drapery is very novel and stylish.

A dainty China silk gown, white, with pink roses and green leaves, has two full ruchings around the bottom, and a figaro jacket of mordore brown velvet, with a wide sash of the same decorated with silver passementerie. The sleeves are plain bishop, with a tie of velvet ribbon and cuffs of velvet covered with the silver trimming, altogether a very beautiful toilet for a young demoiselle.

TWO LATE GOWNS.

Bonnets are the tiniest little morsels, but bewitching as they are small, helmet shaped toques being quite well liked by young persons, to whom they are very becoming; but hats are as large as ever if not larger. Plumes and birds are to be worn as trimming, to the entire exclusion of other garniture.

An English Veal Pie.

Here is a recipe for making an English veal pie, a regular "weal and hammer." When good it is good. To make this requires one calf's head and pie paste. Take the head and clean it thoroughly, and soak it in salt and tepid water an hour. Then with clean water put it on to boil without the brains. Let it boil until ready to drop from the bones. Have a chopping tray ready and a four quart basin lined with crust. When the water has boiled down in the kettle over one half do not replenish it, but let the head simmer. As soon as it is ready take it out directly into the chopping tray, free it from bones, chop it into pieces about an inch square and transfer it while still hot to the tray. It must be kept cold. Then see if the liquor is well seasoned with salt, pepper, and herbs if liked, and about four ounces of [illegible] chopped fine, and pour it into [illegible] over the meat until full. Put on [illegible] and bake in a brisk oven. [illegible] about until cold, when [illegible] [illegible]. The cost of this [illegible] will keep a month, would be [illegible].

Miss [illegible], a niece of Rev. Anna Shaw, [illegible] in a college in [illegible]. There were 104 in the [illegible] young men and 4 girls. [illegible] stood at the head [illegible] must look to [illegible] in which they [illegible] is the field of athletics. The girls have not beaten them there.

NYE IN THE CATSKILLS.

HE DATES HIS LETTER FROM "THE HORNET'S NEST."

Not Because That Is the Name of the Place Where He Is Stopping, but Because It Sounds Well—Some Incidents of Mountain Life.

[Copyright by Edgar W. Nye.]

THE HORNET'S NEST,
ON THE BROW OF THE CATSKILLS,
Aug. 30, 1890.

My letter is dated from the Hornet's Nest, not because that is the name of the place where I am, but because it sounds better to attach some rugged, sylvan epithet to it. I once decided to visit an acquaintance who had named his place The Elms. I went partly because his invitation was evidently so hollow and insincere that to punish him severely I went.

He had The Elms worked on his clothes, and embossed on his stationery, and blown in his glass, and it pained him to eat his victuals from linen that didn't have The Elms emblazoned on it. He told me to come and surprise him any time, and shoot in his preserves and stay till business compelled me to come to town again. He had no doubt heard that I never surprised any one, and never went away from home very much, and so thought it would be safe. Therefore I went. I just went to teach him a valuable lesson. When I go to visit a man for a week he is certainly going away a better man, or else punishment is of no avail, and the chastening rod entirely useless in his case.

ON A LOAD OF HAY.

The Elms was a misnomer. It should have been called The Shagbark or The Doodle Bug's Lair. It was supposed to mean a wide sweep of meadow, a vine covered lodge, a broad velvet lawn and a carriage way, where the drowsy locust, in the sensuous shadow of magnanimous elms, gnawed a file at intervals through the day, while back of all this the mossy and gray whiskered front and corrugated brow of the venerable architectural pile stood off and admired itself in the deep and glassy pool at its base.

In the first place none of the yeomanry for eight miles knew that he called his old, malarial tank The Elms, so it was hard to find. But when I described the looks of the lord of The Elms they wank at each other and wag-ged their heads and said, "Oh hell, yes, we know him," or words that were still even less euphonious than that.

When I got there he was down cellar sprouting potatoes, and his wife was hanging out upon the clothes line a pair of gathered summer trousers that were evidently made for a man who had been badly mangled in a saw mill.

The Elms was not even picturesque, and the preserves were out of order. I was received with the same cordiality which you detect on the face of any other kind of detected liar. He wanted to be regarded as a remarkable host and landed proprietor without being really hospitable. I remained there at The Elms for two days, rubbing rock salt and Cayenne pepper into the wounds of my host, and suggesting different names for his home, such as The Tom Tit's Eyrie, The Weeping Willow, The Crook Neck Squash and The Muskrat's Retreat. Then I came away. His old look of apprehensive cordiality did not leave him until he had seen me climb on a load of hay with my trunk and start for home.

So when I put a May-Agnes-Fleming name on any place I may be at, when I write a piece for the paper, it is mostly done to be mischievous.

The Catskills are full of people this summer, and I presume there is a larger population of "boarders," as we are called indiscriminately, than ever before; for the number of available points to which the victims of humidity and poor plumbing may retreat in summer time is constantly on the increase, while, so far as I know, all the private and public boarding places are filled to their utmost capacity. This means a good deal when one considers the great area of country called the Catskills. Everywhere the gaudy boarder in flannels and ecru shoes looms upon the green lawn or the brown dirt road, or scales the mountain to-day and stays in bed the following week, rubbing James B. Pond's Extract on his swollen joints.

I scaled Mount Utsayantha a short time ago in company with others. We picked out a nice hot day, and selecting the most erect wall of the mountain facing west, we scaled it in such a way that it will not have to be done again till new scales grow out on it.

Mount Utsayantha is 3,365 feet above sea level, and has a brow which reminds me of mine. It is broad, massive and bleak. The foot of the mountain is more massive, however. From the top of the mountain one gets a view of six or seven states with a good glass. I was told. Possibly there were that many in sight, though at this season of the year states look so much alike that it takes an expert to pick them out readily. When states are mounting it is all I can do to tell Vermont from Massachusetts. One gets a nice view from this mountain and highly exhilarating birch beer.

Albany can be distinctly seen with a glass—a field glass, I mean, not a glass of birch beer. Some claim that the nub of Governor Hill's boom may be seen protruding from the state house with the naked eye. Others say they can see the Green mountains, and as far south as the eye can reach. We took two hours and a half for the ascent of the mountain, and came down in about twenty minutes. We descended ungracefully, the way the Irishman claimed that the toad walked, viz., "git up and sit down."

Mount Utsayantha—I use the accepted orthography as found in the Blackhawk dictionary—has a legend also. Many centuries ago this beautiful valley was infested by the red brother and his bronze progeny. Where now the red and blue blazer goes shimmering through the swaying maples, and the girl with her other dress on and her straw colored canvas cinch knocketh the croquet ball gayly west, once there dwelt an old chief whom we will call Polka Dot, the pride of his people. He looked somewhat like William Maxwell Evarts, but was a heavier set man. Places where old Polka Dot sat down and accumulated rest for himself are still shown to city people whose faith was not overworked while young.

Old Polka Dot was a firm man, with double teeth all around, and his prowess got into the personal columns of the papers every little while. He had a daughter named Utsayantha, which means "a messenger sent hastily for treasure," so I am told, or possibly old Polka Dot meant to imply "one sent off for cash."

This idea is my own, and possibly of little value.

Anyhow Utsayantha grew to be quite comely, as Indian women go. I never saw one yet that couldn't stop an ordinary planet by looking at it steadily for two minutes. She dressed simply, wearing the same clothes while tooling cross country before breakfast that she wore at the scalp dance the evening before. In summer time she shellacked herself and visited the poor. Taking a little box of water colors in a shawl strap, so that she could change her clothes whenever she felt like it, she would go away and be gone for a fortnight at a time, visiting the ultra fashionable people of her tribe.

Finally a white man penetrated this region. He did it by asking the brakeman on the West Shore road how to get here and then doing differently. In that way he had no trouble at all. He saw Utsayantha and loved her almost instantly. She was shucking a muskrat at the time, and he could not but admire her deftness and skill. From that moment he could not drive her image from his heart. He sought her again and again to tell her of his passion, but she would jump the fence and flee like a frightened fawn with a split stick on its tail, if such a comparison may be permitted. At last he won her, and married her quietly in his working clothes. The nearest justice of the peace was then in England, and so rather than wait he was married informally to Utsayantha by repeating to her with great solemnity the following stanza:

Ena mena mina mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe;
When he hollers let him go
O-U-T spells out.

While this had no special bearing on the case it awed Utsayantha, and she went home very much impressed, indeed. That fall a little russet baby came to bless their union. The blessing was all he had with him when he was discovered.

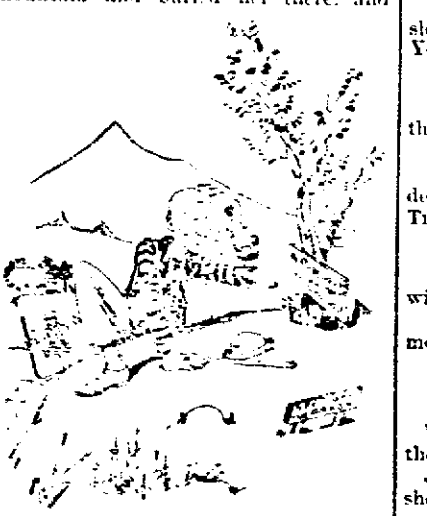
Then the old chief Polka Dot arose in his wrath, to which he added a pair of moose hide moccasins, and he upbraided his daughter for her course. He upbraided her with a piazza pole from his wigwam. He was very much agitated. So was the pole.

Then he cursed her for being the mother of a ½ breed child, and stalking ₄th he slew the white man by cutting open his trunk and disarranging his rems. He then wiped the stab knife in his tossing mane, and grabbing his grandson by his swaddling clothes he hurled the surprised little stranger into Lake Utsayantha. By pouring another pailful of water into the lake the child was drowned successfully.

Then the widowed and childless Utsayantha came forth as night settled down upon the beautiful valley and the day died peacefully on the mountain tops. Her eyes were red with weeping, and her breath was punctuated with sobs. Putting on a pair of high rubber boots she waded out into the middle of the lake, where there is quite a deep place, and drowned herself.

This should teach us never to kill a son-in-law without getting his wife's consent.

When the old man found the body of his daughter he was considerably mortified. He took her to the top of the mountain and buried her there, and ever afterward, it is said, whenever any spoke of the death of his daughter and her family, he would color up and change the subject.



SCALING THE MOUNTAINS.

Stamford, at the base of this mountain, is a five hours' ride from Weehawken, and according to my notion is the ideal mountain resort. God has done much for Stamford, and Dr. Churchill has encouraged nature in a good many ways. It is a neat, handsome village, with just enough civilization to soothe existence and teach us to pay for what we get. We often find spots where nature has broken the record in getting together the elements of health and beauty, but man, poor, weak, measly man, gets in there, and robs and holds up and knocks down and drags out his fellow till the angels turn away and weep on each other's shoulders. Just as the meanest and most pestiferous flea bitten and soul scarred man of the community generally marries the most angelic girl in the school, and uses her mostly to start a row of graves with, in each of which to deposit a new and choice wife every two or three years, so unprincipled men with greedy eyes often flock to the beautiful sites for thriving towns, and there cling upon the corporation like big red caterpillars till one by one its fountains dry up and the dead leaves in the parks fall upon the moss grown and sodden paths beneath. At last, old and flabby, with nothing to feed upon but the slimy reminiscences of successful obstructionism and swift decay, they cling about the cracker barrel and sour cider of the last mercantile relic of the place, and brag over the grave of their perished possibilities, and cackle with devilish mirth over the money "they have saved the town."

Stamford, by some singular accident, has fallen into good hands. That is why the same people have been coming here summer after summer for sixteen or eighteen years. That is why the place is a thrifty little eighteen karat ornament to the already beautiful brow of nature. That is why the comfortable homes and hotels overflow with happy, hungry and contented guests, and it is why their children's children for many generations will flee from the loud smelling pandemonium of disemboweled and fetid Broadway to breathe the atmosphere of clover scented fields, and forget the hot anguish of the feverish, selfish, hustling, pelt peeling town in the hospitable homes of Stamford.

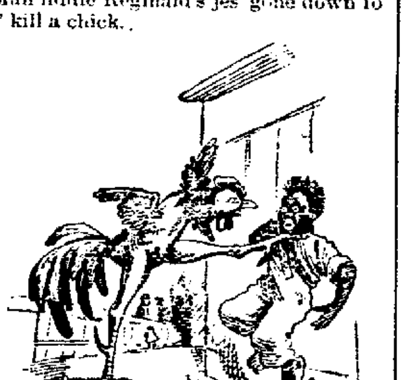
This is not a page from a forthcoming guide book to the Catskills, but the sincere sentiments of a plain boarder who pays every week and leaves a mighty small margin for his landlady. I speak thus of Stamford because I would have thanked any good friend to tell me the same thing a year ago, and thus saved me much tiresome and expensive search.

Bill Nye

Delayed Feast.

Commercial Tourist—Can I get a bite to eat here, auntie?

Mrs. Clewpit—Yo's raight yo' kin. Mah liddle Reginald's jes' gone down fo' t' kill a chick.



Little Reginald—Hol' on dar! Hol' on! I wuz jes' a-foolin'.—Puck.

Might Gain Sand by Absorption.

Mrs. Grimage—Do you know, Albert, I think our children are awfully lacking in courage.

Mr. Grimage—Well, what can be done about it, I should like to know?

Mrs. Grimage—I was going to suggest, Albert, that it might be a good thing to take them to the seaside, and let them do nothing but play in the sand for a whole month.—Burlington Free Press.

For Imperial Use.

The Czar—Vodsky, what is thatski?

Vodsky—That is one of those Americanovitch slotskimachiniskis.

The Czar—And what does the thingovitch do?

Vodsky—You drop a diamond in the slotovitch and try your weightski.—New York Sun.

He Was in the Swim.

Mr. Dunly—I always move about in the best society.

Mr. Mayflower—Indeed?

Mr. Dunly—Yes; I am the agent of a debt collecting institution.—Boston Times.

Summer Girl's Jest.

"The best brick I ever saw was made without straw."

"What kind of a brick was it—Baltimore?"

"No. Ice cream."—New York Herald.

What a Pity.

Tom—She likes to play "Down Upon the Swanee River."

Jack (who has heard her play)—Does she? What a pity her desires can't be gratified.—Yankee Blade.

She Cares Not for Clothes.

I've always [illegible] that girls [illegible]
Of having [illegible] clothes,
And hats [illegible]
And [illegible]

And [illegible]
Than [illegible]
And [illegible]
Than [illegible]

But [illegible] kind of girl,
[illegible]
[illegible]
The bathing suit she wears.

—Boston Times

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IS a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathsome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all blood purifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerous.

"I was troubled with catarrh for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint and completely restored my health."—Jesse M. Boggs, Holman's Mills, N. C.

"When Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me for catarrh, I was inclined to doubt its efficacy. Having tried so many remedies, with little benefit, I had no faith that anything would cure me. I became emaciated from loss of appetite and impaired digestion. I had nearly lost the sense of smell, and my system was badly deranged. I was about discouraged, when a friend urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and referred me to persons whom it had cured of catarrh. After taking half a dozen bottles of this medicine, I am convinced that the only sure way of treating this obstinate disease is through the blood."—Charles H. Maloney, 113 River st., Lowell, Mass.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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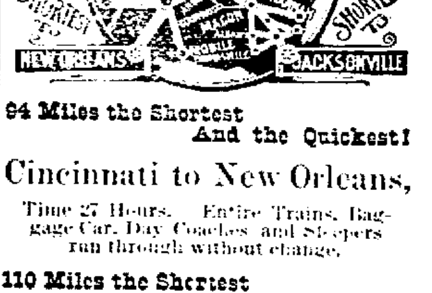
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.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TWO SOLDIERS

A Thrilling Army Romance of the Western Frontier

By CAPT. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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[CONTINUED FROM LAST SATURDAY'S EDITION.]

CHAPTER XV.

"For heaven's sake, sir, let's get ahead to his support."

Meantime, where are the looked for supports? Lane, with wearied horses, had made the march from the railway station to the pass in a little over fourteen hours. It was 5:30 when he started and 8:15 when he unsaddled among the rocks. He had come through the blazing sunshine of the long June day; sometimes at the trot, sometimes at the lope, sometimes dismounting and leading when crossing ridges or ravines. He was still pale and weak from his long illness, and still sore from a sorrow that had robbed him of all the buoyancy he had ever possessed. But the sense of duty was as strong as ever, and the soldier spirit triumphed over the ills of the flesh.

Noel, starting at 4:45 p. m., with horses and men fresh and eager, with a guide who knew every inch of the way, and the bright starlight to cheer his comrades, could reasonably be expected to cover the same ground in the same time; every old cavalryman knows that horses travel better by night than by day. By good rights he and his men should be at the pass at least an hour before the time set by Lane. It was only a week before that the captain had declared at the Queen City that he had never felt so "fit" in his life, and a campaign would just suit him. Things seemed to have a different color, however, as he watched the going down of the sun behind the distant Peloncillos. The words of the young infantry adjutant kept recurring to him, and he knew of old that when Lane started after Indians he was "dead sure to get 'em," as Mr. Mason was good enough to remind him.

Twice before sunset the guide had ventured to suggest a quicker gait, but Noel refused, saying that he did not mean to get his horses to the scene worn out and unfit for pursuit. Mr. Mason, who heard this, begged to remind the captain that pursuit was not the object; they were expected to get there in time to help Lane head off the attempt at further flight, and to hold the Apaches, wherever met, until the pursuing force could reach them from the north and hem them in. Noel ranked Mason only a few files, and knew well that all the regiment would side with his subaltern; so he was forced to a show of cordiality and consultation. He rode by the lieutenant's side, assuring him of the sense of strength it gave him to have with him a man of such experience. "For your sake, Mason, I wish I had been twelve hours later, so that you could have had the glory of the thing to yourself; but you know I couldn't stand it. I had to pull wires like sin to get relieved, as it was. Old Hudson, the head of the recruiting service, just swore he wouldn't let me go, because I had had good luck in the class and number of the recruits I sent him. Personally, too, I'm in no shape to ride. See how fat I've grown?"

Mason, however, felt that a fifty mile ride ought not to stagger any cavalryman, hardened or soft, and made no reply whatever to the captain's account of how he succeeded in getting relieved. He didn't believe a word of it.

Night came on and found them still marching at a steady walk. Halts for rest, too, had been frequently ordered, and at last Mason could stand it no longer. After repeated looks at his watch he burst out with an earnest appeal:

"Capt. Noel, we'll never get there in time at this rate. Surely, sir, the orders you got from the general must be different from those that came to the post. They said 'rush all speed, lose not a moment.' Did not yours say so, too?"

"The general knew very well that I had marched cavalry too often not to understand just how to get there in time," was Noel's stately reply; and, though [illegible] inwardly, Mason was compelled to [illegible]. Ten o'clock came, and still it was no better. Then both the lieutenant and the guide, after a moment's consultation during a rest, approached the captain and begged him to increase the gait, and when they mounted, the command [illegible] for a while, moved on at a jog which Mason would fain have increased to the lope, but Noel interposed. Midnight, and more rests, found them fully ten miles behind the point where the guide and lieutenant had planned to be. Even the men had begun to murmur among themselves, and to contrast the captain's spiritless [illegible] with Mr. Mason's lively methods. Two o'clock, and the Pyramid range was still far away. Daybreak [illegible] and Mason was nearly mad with [illegible], the guide sullen and disgusted [illegible] broad daylight—6 o'clock—and here at last were the Pyramid buttes at their right front, and, coming toward them on the trail, a single horseman. "It is Sergt. Luce," said some of the foremost troopers.

And Luce had a note, which he handed to Lieut. Mason; but that gentleman shook his head and indicated Noel. The captain took it in silence, opened it, glanced over the contents, changed color, as all could see, and then inquired:

"How far is it, sergeant?"

"It must be fifteen miles from here, sir. I came slowly, because my horse was worn out, and because Capt. Lane thought that I would meet the troop very much nearer the pass. It's more than fifteen miles, I reckon."

"Had the attack begun before you left?"

"Yes, sir; and I could hear the shots as I came out of the pass—hear them distinctly."

"May I inquire what the news is, captain?" said Mr. Mason, riding up to his side.

"Well," was the reply, "Lane writes that he has headed the Apaches, and that he is just moving in to the attack."

"Will you permit me to see the note, sir?" said Mason, trembling with exasperation at the indifferent manner in which it was received.

Noel hesitated: "Presently—presently, Mr. Mason. We'll move forward at a trot, now."

Sergt. Luce reined about, and, riding beside the first sergeant of K troop, told him in low tones of the adventures of the previous day and night, and the fact that the Apaches were there just north of the pass and in complete force. The result seemed to be, as the word was passed among the men, to increase the gait to such an extent that they crowded upon the leaders, and Noel, time and again, threw up his hand and warned the men not to ride over the heels of his horse.

Seven o'clock came, and still they had not got beyond the Pyramids. Eight o'clock, and they were not in sight of the pass. Nine o'clock, and still the gorge was not in view. It was not until nearly ten that the massive gateway seemed to open before them, and then, far to the front, their eager ears could catch the sound of very sharp and rapid firing.

"My God!" said Mason, with irrepressible excitement, "there's no question about it, captain, Lane's surrounded there! For heaven's sake, sir, let's get ahead to his support."

"Ride forward, sergeant," said Noel to Luce, "and show us the shortest way you know to where Capt. Lane has corraled his horses—I don't like the idea of entering that pass in column, Mr. Mason. The only safe way to do it will be to dismount and throw a line of skirmishers ahead. If Lane is surrounded the Apaches undoubtedly will open fire on us as we pass through."

"Suppose they do, sir; we've got men enough to drive them back. What we want is to get through there as quickly as possible."

But Noel shook his head, and, forming line to the front at a trot, moved forward a few hundred yards, and then, to the intense disgust of Mr. Mason, ordered the first platoon dismounted and pushed ahead as skirmishers. Compelled to leave their horses with number four of each set, the other troopers, sullenly, but in disciplined silence, advanced afoot up the gentle slope which led to the heights on the right of the gorge.

Not a shot impeded their advance; not a sound told them that they were even watched. But far up through the pass itself the sound of sharp firing continued, and every now and then a shrill yell indicated that the Apaches were evidently having the best of it.

Again Mason rode to his captain. "I beg you, sir," he said, "to let me take my platoon, or the other one, and charge through there. It isn't possible that they can knock more than one or two of us out of the saddle; and if you follow with the rest of the men they can easily be taken care of." But Noel this time rebuked him.

"Mr. Mason, I have had too much of your interference," he said, "and I will tolerate no more. I am in command of this troop, sir, and I am responsible for its proper conduct."

And Mason, rebuffed, fell back without further word.

The pass was reached, and still not a shot had been fired. Over the low ridge the dismounted troopers went, and not an Apache was in sight. Then at last it became evident that to cross the stream they would have to ford; and then the "recall" was sounded, the horses were run rapidly forward to the skirmish line, the men swung into saddle, the rear platoon closed on the one in front, and cautiously, with Mason leading and Noel hanging back a little as though to direct the march of his column, the troop passed through the river and came out on the other side. The moment they reached the bank Mason struck a trot without any orders and the men followed him.

Noel hastened forward, shouting out, "Walk, walk!" But, finding that they either did not or would not hear him, he galloped to the front of the troop and sternly ordered the leaders to drop to a walk gait and not again to take the trot unless he gave the command.

Just at this minute, from the heights to the right and left, half a dozen shots were fired in quick succession; a trooper riding beside the first sergeant threw up his arms with the [illegible] cry, "My God! I've got it!" and fell back from the saddle. Noel at the same instant felt a twinge along his left arm, and, wheeling his horse about, shouted: "To the rear! to the rear! We're ambushed!" And, despite the rallying cry of Mason and the entreaties of the guide, the men, taking the cue from their leader, reined to the right and left about and went clattering out of the pass.

More shots came from the Apaches, some aimed at the fleeing troop and others at the little group of men that remained behind; for the poor fellow who had been shot through the breast lay insensible by the side of the stream, and would have been abandoned to his fate but for the courage and devotion of Mason and two of the leading men. Promptly jumping from their horses, they raised him between them, and, laying him across the pommel of one of the saddles, supported by the troopers, the wounded man was carried back to the ford, and from there out of harm's way.

By this time Noel, at full gallop, had gone four or five hundred yards to the rear, and there the first sergeant—not he—rallied the troop, reformed it, counted fours, and faced it to the front.

When Mason rode [illegible], bringing the two troopers and the dying man, his face was as black as a thunder cloud. He rode up to his captain, who was stanching with a handkerchief a little stream of blood that seemed to be coming down his left arm, and addressed to him these words:

"Capt. Noel, there were not more than six or eight Apaches guarding those heights. There was no excuse in God's world, sir, for a retreat. I can take my platoon and go through there now without difficulty, and once again, sir, I implore you to let me do it."

Noel's reply was, "I have already heard too much from you today, Mr. Mason. If I hear one more word you go to the rear in arrest. I am wounded, sir, but I will not turn over this command to you."

"Wounded be hanged! Capt. Noel, you've got a scratch of which a child ought to be ashamed," was the furious reply, upon which Noel, considering that he must at all hazards preserve the dignity of his position, ordered Lieut. Mason to consider himself in arrest. And, dismounting, and calling to one or two of the men to assist him, the captain got out of his blouse and had the sleeve of his undershirt cut off, and then, in full hearing of the combat up the pass, proceeded to have a scratch, as Mason had truly designated it, stanched and dressed.

Meantime, the troop, shamefaced and disgusted, dismounted and awaited further developements. For fifteen minutes they remained there, listening to the battle a mile away, and then there came a sound that thrilled every man with excitement—with mad longing to dash to the front; there came crashes of musketry that told of the arrival of strong re-enforcements for one party or another—which party was soon developed by the glorious, ringing cheers that they well recognized to be those of their comrades of Greene's battalion.

"By heavens!" said Mason, with a groan, "after all, we have lost our chance! It's Greene, not old K troop, that got there in time to save them."

The looks that were cast towards their new captain by the men, standing in sullen silence at their horses' heads, were not those that any soldier would have envied.

Directing the first sergeant to talk half a dozen troopers and feel their way cautiously to the front and ascertain what that new sound meant, the rest of the men meanwhile to remain at ease, Noel still sat there on the ground, as though faint from loss of blood. The bleeding, however, had been too trifling to admit of any such supposition on the part of those who had been looking on. The cheering up the pass increased. The firing rapidly died away. Soon it was seen that the first sergeant was signaling, and presently a man came riding back. The sergeant and the others disappeared, going fearlessly into the pass, and evidently indicating by their movements that they anticipated no further resistance. The arriving horseman dismounted, saluted the captain, and reported substantially that the pass was now in possession of Maj. Greene's men, and that the Apaches were in full flight towards the south, some of the troops pursuing.

Then at last it was that the "mount" was sounded by the trumpeter, and half an hour afterwards—full three hours after they should have been there—Capt. Noel, with K troop, arrived at the scene. Lane, faint from loss of blood, was lying under a tree; four of his men were killed; one of the helpless recaptured women had been shot by an Indian bullet; five more of the "Devil's own D's" were lying wounded or dead among the rocks. Desperate had been the defense; sore had been their need; safe, thoroughly safe, they would have been had Noel got there in time, but it was Greene's battalion that finally reached them only at the last moment. And yet this was the thrilling account that appeared in The Queen City Chronicle in its morning edition two days afterwards:

"Gallant Noel! Rescue of the Indian Captives! Stirring Pursuit and Fierce Battle with the Apaches!

"A dispatch received last night by the Hon. Amos Withers announces the return from the front of Capt. Noel, who some days ago left our midst, with a portion of his troop, bringing with him the women and children who had been run off by the Apaches on the trail among the ranches [illegible] station. The captain reports a severe fight, in which many of the [illegible] were killed and wounded, he himself [illegible] making light of [illegible] receiving a bullet through the [illegible] arm.

"While [illegible] of the command had gone on in pursuit of the Apaches the captain was sent by the battalion commander to escort the captives back to the railway.

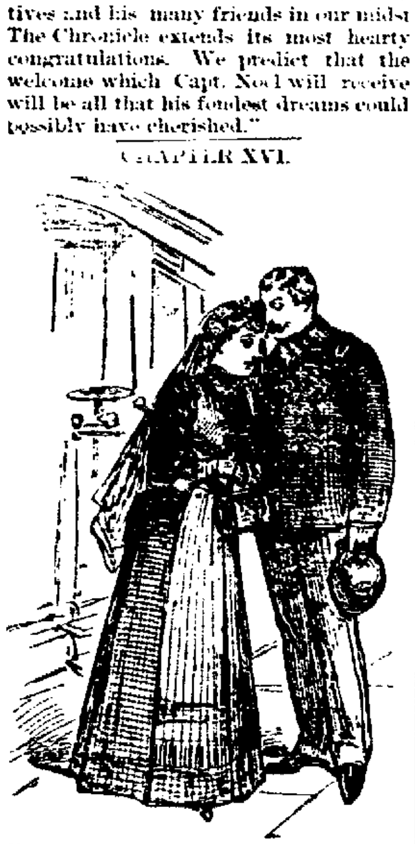
"This dispatch, though of a private character, is fully substantiated by the official report of the general commanding the department to the adjutant general of the army. It reads as follows:

"'Capt. Noel, of the Eleventh cavalry, has just reached the railway, bringing with him all but one of the women and children whom the Apaches had carried off into captivity. The other was shot by a bullet in the desperate fight which occurred in San Simon Pass between the commands of Capts. Lane and Noel and the Apaches, whose retreat they were endeavoring to head off. Greene's battalion of the Eleventh arrived in time to take part; but on their appearance the Apaches fled through the mountains in the wildest confusion, leaving much of their plunder behind them.

"'It is impossible as yet to give accurate accounts of the killed and wounded, but our losses are reported to have been heavy.'

"How thoroughly have the predictions of The Chronicle with regard to this gallant officer been fulfilled! To his relatives and his many friends in our midst The Chronicle extends its most hearty congratulations. We predict that the welcome which Capt. Noel will receive will be all that his fondest dreams could possibly have cherished."

CHAPTER XVI.



He was permitted to go himself to the railway to meet Mabel.

For a week the story of Gordon Noel's heroism was the talk of Queen City society. He had led the charge upon the Indians after a pursuit of over a hundred miles through the desert. He had fought his way to the cave in which these poor captive women were guarded, and had himself cut the thongs that bound them. He was painfully wounded, but never quit the fight till the last savage was driven from the field. For daring and brilliant conduct he was to be promoted over the heads of all the captains in his regiment. His name was already before the president for a vacancy in the adjutant general's department, and the appointment would be announced at once. He was coming east just as soon as the surgeon said he was well enough to travel. Mrs. Noel wanted to join him, but he had telegraped saying no, that he would soon be with her.

So rang the chorus for several days. At the club the men shook hands over the news and sent telegrams of praise and congratulation to Noel and drank his health in bumpers, and two or three old "soreheads," who ventured to point out that the official reports were not yet in, were pooh poohed and put down.

Amos Withers had left for Washington on a midnight train immediately after furnishing The Chronicle with the contents of his dispatch, making no allusion to that part of it which said, "Now push for that vacancy. Not an instant must be lost." Nobody could say nay to the man who had subscribed the heaviest sum to the campaign fund in his own state, and therefore both its senators and half its representatives in the house went with him to the president to urge the immediate nomination of Capt. Noel to the majority in the adjutant general's department made vacant by the promotion consequent upon the retirement of one of its oldest members. Already the war department had furnished the executive with the names and records of the four men whom it considered the most deserving, and Gordon Noel's name was not one of the four. But what was that in comparison with the eminent pecuniary and political services of Mr. Withers, when the nephew had just behaved so superbly in action?

Meantime, the Apaches had scattered through the mountains, and escaped across the border, the remnant of Lane's troop taking part in the pursuit, and they, with their commander, only slowly returning to the railway. For three or four days Noel had the wires and the correspondents pretty much to himself; but then some of the enterprising news gathers had been getting particulars from the men, and there were two or three of K troop in the detachment who could not conceal their derision and contempt when the newspaper men spoke of the bravery of their captain. This set the correspondents to ferreting, and then the dispatches began to take a different color. The very day that Mabel received her first letter from her husband, and was reading extracts from it to envious friends who had come in to swell the chorus of jubilee and congratulation, an evening paper intimated that recent dispatches received from the seat of war revealed a different state of affairs than was popularly supposed.

But by this time [illegible] was working. It is the first impression that is always the strongest, the first story that is longest remembered, and no man who has believed one version will accept the truth without vigorous resistance. In his letter to his wife Noel had spoken modestly of himself and slightingly of his wound. This only made her worship him her hero, her gallant Gordon, the more intensely. He intimated that he had been compelled to place in arrest one of the most prominent officers of the regiment for misconduct in the face of the enemy, and this and previous [illegible] would [illegible] relenting [illegible] surprised [illegible] therefore it [illegible] I strive to do [illegible] grievous harm." Mabel blushed [illegible] as she read these lines to some of her friends, and that night at the club it was hinted that Lane had been placed under arrest for failing to support Noel in his desperate assault. Just at this juncture, Mr. Withers came back from Washington looking mysterious.

The next published dispatches were from the general himself. He was incensed over the escape of the Apaches. Measures for their capture were complete, and it was broadly hinted that a certain officer would be brought to trial for his failure to carry out positive orders.

"It is believed," said The Chronicle, "that the officer referred to is well known in our community, as he had, oddly enough, been a predecessor in the recruiting service of the actual hero of the campaign."

Two weeks went by. There was no announcement of Noel's name as promoted. Other matters occupied the attention of the club and the coteries, and no one knew just what it all meant when it was announced that Mrs. Noel had suddenly left for the frontier to join her husband. Perhaps his wounds were more severe than at first reported. Then it was noticed that Mr. Withers was in a very nervous and irritable frame of mind, that constant dispatches were passing between him and Capt. Noel in the west, and that suddenly he departed again on some mysterious errand for Washington. And then it was announced that Capt. Noel would not be able to visit the east as had been expected.

All the same it came as a shock which completely devastated the social circles of the Queen City when it was announced in the New York and Chicago papers that a general court martial had been ordered to assemble at Fort Gregg, New Mexico, for the trial of Capt. Gordon Noel, Eleventh cavalry, on charges of misbehavior in the face of the enemy and conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

The Chronicle made no allusion to the matter until after it was heralded over the city by the other journals. Then it announced that it was in possession of information showing conclusively that Capt. Noel was the victim of the envy of certain officers in his regiment, and that the charges had been trumped up from the false and prejudiced statement of the man whom he had been compelled to place in arrest for misconduct in action. "Capt. Noel had demanded a court martial," said The Chronicle, "that he might be triumphantly vindicated, as he undoubtedly would be."

At the club several men surrounded Lieut. Bowen with eager inquiry as to the facts in the case. Bowen, who was now in charge of the rendezvous as Noel's successor, was very reticent when interrogated. He said that while an officer might demand a court of inquiry he could not demand a court martial; they were entirely different things; and it was certainly the latter that had been ordered.

"Was there not some likelihood of malice and envy being at the bottom of the charges?" he was asked. "And was it not unfair to let him be tried by officers prejudiced against him?"

Bowen said he did not belong to the Eleventh, but he knew it well enough to say no to the first part of the question. As to the other, there were only two officers from that regiment on the court, and one was Noel's old friend and colonel—Riggs.

It was in the midst of this talk that Mr. Amos Withers had suddenly appeared and begged a few words in private with Mr. Bowen.

Withers was in a state of nervous excitement, as any one could see. He talked eagerly, even pleadingly, with the silent lieutenant, and at last suddenly arose, and, with the look of a defeated and discomfited man, left the club house, entered his carriage and was driven rapidly away.

That night an officer from the war department arrived in the Queen City and was closeted for a while with Lieut. Bowen, after which the two went to the chief of police, and in company with him visited the cell where Taintor, deserter and forger, was confined, took his statement and that of the chief, and with these documents the officer went on to division headquarters.

Meantime, the campaign had come to an end. Capt. Noel had reported, in arrest, to the commanding officer at Fort Gregg, and Mrs. Riggs had tearfully greeted him; "she would so love to have him under her roof, that she might show her sympathy and friendship; but so many officers of high rank were coming on the court that the colonel was compelled to give every bit of room he had to them." Noel thanked her nervously, and said he could be comfortable anywhere, but his wife was coming; she had telegraphed that she could not be separated from him when he was suffering wrong and outrage. Capt. and Mrs. Lowndes, moved to instant sympathy, begged that he would make their quarters his home, and placed their best room at his disposal.

Two evenings afterwards he was permitted to go himself to the railway to meet poor Mabel, who threw herself into his arms and almost sobbed her heart out at sight of his now haggard and careworn face. Mrs. Lowndes [illegible] Noel [illegible] Then [illegible] drove out to the post, and Mabel [illegible] partially revived when she found that it was not a prison he had come to share with her husband. Everybody was so [illegible] and kind to her [illegible] in every [illegible].

It [illegible] of the [illegible] the army [illegible] Mr. W[illegible] witnesses Capt. Lane, Lieut. Mason, Lieut. R[illegible] or three noncommissioned officers. To the charge of "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman" there were specifications setting forth that he had caused to be circulated and published reports to the effect that it was his command that had been severely engaged, and his command that had rescued the captives and defeated the Indians, which statements he well knew to be false. Two or three correspondents and railway employes and the telegraph operator were witnesses. This would be a hard one to prove affirmatively, as the judge advocate found when he examined his witnesses as they arrived, and the great lawyer assured the accused officer that he could secure him an acquittal on that charge. The real danger lay in the testimony of Capt. Lane and Lieut. Mason, who had not yet come.

And now, hour after hour, for two days, Mabel was reading in her husband's face the utter hopelessness that possessed him; nay, more, the truth was being revealed to her in all its damning details. It might be impossible for the prosecution to prove that he had actually caused the false and boastful stories to be given to the press and the public; but how about the telegrams and letters Mr. Withers had so proudly come to show her? How about the telegram and letters she herself had received. What impression could she derive from them but that he was the hero of the whole affair, and that he was lying painfully wounded when he wrote? The gash through the beautiful white arm turned out to be a mere scratch upon the skin, that a pin might have made. It was Greene's command from Fort Graham that had rescued Lane, and Lane with his men who had rescued the captives, and then fought so hard, so desperately, against such fearful odds, and sustained their greatest losses while her hero—her Gordon—with nearly fifty men, was held only a mile away by half a dozen ragamuffins in the rocks. She had almost adored him, believing him godlike in courage and magnanimity; but now on every side the real facts were coming to light, and she even wrung them from his reluctant lips. And yet—and yet—he was her husband, and she loved him.

Again and again did she question Mr. Falconer, the eminent counsel, as to the possibilities. This gentleman had fought all through the war of the rebellion, and had won high commendation for bravery. He had taken the case because he believed, on Withers' statement, that Noel was a wronged and injured man, and because, possibly, a fee of phenomenal proportion could be looked for. He met among the old captains of the Eleventh men whom he had known in Virginia in the war days, and learned from them what Noel's real reputation was, and, beyond peradventure, how he had shirked and played the coward in the last campaign; so that he, who had known Mabel Vincent from her babyhood and loved her old father, now shrank from the sorrow of having to tell her the truth. Yet she demanded it, and he had to say that her husband's fate hinged on the evidence that might be given by Capt. Lane and Mr. Mason.

That very night these two officers arrived, together with three members of the court. The following day at 10 o'clock the court was to begin its session, and four of its members were still to come. That night Mr. Falconer and Noel were closeted with several men in succession, seeking evidence for the defense. That night there came a dispatch from Withers saying he had done his best in Washington, but that it seemed improbable that the president would interfere and accept Noel's resignation from the service.

Noel showed this to Mabel and sank upon the sofa with a groan of despair.

"Oh, my darling!" she whispered, kneeling by his side and throwing her arms about his neck, "don't give way! There must be hope yet! They cannot prove such cruel charges! There must be a way of averting this trouble."

"There is one," said he, starting up. "There is one, if you will only do it to save me."

"What would I not do to save you, Gordon?" she asked, though her face was paling now with awful dread of what the demand might be.

"Mabel, my wife, it is to see—him at once. There is nothing that he will not do for you. I know it—for I know what he has done. See him. You know what to say. I cannot prompt you. But get him to tell as little as he possibly can in regard to this case."

"Gordon!" she cried, "you ask me to do this after the great wrong I did him?"

"There is no other way," was the sullen answer. And he turned moodily from her side, leaving her stunned, speechless.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT SATURDAY.]

Summer Rain.

Fall gently, silent summer rain,
And kiss most tipped the drooping flowers,
Revive their scorched bells again
And [illegible] with life a few more hours

Steal softly, prized as gift of God,
In holy hearts athirst for dew,
Lie fragrant on the panting sod
And all its verdant blades renew.

Flow over all the buds that sleep
In green leaves nestling—let them feel
Thy [illegible] influence creep,
And every scented bud unseal.

Steal [illegible] where the rich seed lies
In [illegible] bed, give it to [illegible]
To spring [illegible] like leaves that rise
Stirring [illegible] new found life and light!

—Margaret Thomas in Youth's Companion.

The Pinkerton detective agency, which is attracting so much public attention just at present, has been in existence since 1852, when it was founded by Allan Pinkerton in Chicago. Hardly half a dozen men were employed by the agency at that time, but today the detectives in its service form a small army.

Rev. Dr. Burchard is summering in Saratoga. He is a well preserved, handsome and affable old gentleman. A correspondent says that the venerable doctor fits well into Saratoga life, and there is nothing he likes better than to sit down in the evening to a game of cards with some bright young ladies.

No Hot Water.

A stock broker who was recently in Maine was impressed very greatly with the extreme cleanliness of the hotel at which he was a guest during a brief stay in the town of Kittery. It was kept by two old maiden ladies. One morning the broker heard a conversation between them.

"Jane," called out one of the old maids, who was at the head of the stairs, "oh, Jane."

"Well," answered Jane.

"Get some hot water from the kettle and fetch it up here. I want to scrub the floor."

"They ain't no hot water in the kettle."

"What! no hot water in the kettle!"—surprisedly.

"No. No hot water in the kettle"—sadly.

"What! No hot water in the kettle!"—sharply.

"No. No hot water in the kettle!"—very sadly.

"Well, I be durned!"—New York Times.

Why It Wasn't a Good Cigar.

"This cigar isn't as good as you usually offer a fellow."

"No? It's out of the box you gave me."—Life.

Result of the Conference.

"Barthleson," inquired a fellow reporter, "what have you been doing in the managing editor's room?"

"Been holding a consultation with him."

"What about?"

"About the management of the paper."

"Any change in its policy contemplated?"

"Yes. That's what the consultation was about."

"What was decided upon, if you don't mind telling me?"

"It was decided," said Barthleson, twisting his mustache gloomily, "that the paper didn't need me on its payroll any longer."—Philadelphia Press.

The Color Washed Off.

"Mary," said the negro minstrel, falling on his knees before the fair one, "Mary, I love you! Will you be mine?"

"Oh, Thomas," murmured Mary, "perhaps you do not mean it! Perhaps you are trifling with me. How do I know? Men are such deceivers!"

"Darling," he replied, "I could not be so base! I am not a saint, I know. I might be better, but in spite of all my faults I am not so black as I am painted."

Mary swooned at the joke.—Lawrence American.

A Correction.

"Excuse me," said a man who entered the office with an air of indulgent and suave expostulation, "are you the man who wrote up the strike?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, permit me to say you rather misrepresented us when you said we were contending for shorter hours. I have made a careful examination of the general feeling, and I find that there is not a man who wants less than the customary sixty minutes to the hour."—Washington Post.

The Mean Thing.

"Isn't ice very high just now, Mrs. Codhooker?" inquired the Young Gentleman Boarder anxiously of the landlady at breakfast.

"I should say it was," she gushed. "My ice bills are so frightful I don't know which way to turn to meet them."

"I was going to say," responded the Young Gentleman Boarder hesitatingly, "that these boiled eggs are so cold they would keep meat."—New York Tribune.

She Would Be a Sister to Him.

"You have parted from Miss Wingis forever?"

"Yes. I was always afraid her brother would cause our separation, and he did."

"I didn't know she had a brother."

"But she has. I'm her brother."—Philadelphia Press.

What He Needed.

Mr. Softly Young—I beg you, Miss Mangler, at least not to say that you will be a sister to me.

Miss Mangler—No, Mr. Young, I promise you I will not. What you need most is a mother.—Boston Times.

A Point Well Taken.

She—You must not let any other girl rest her head on your bosom.

He—Why, of course not!

She—No, it would interfere with vested rights, you know.—Munsey's Weekly.

The Reason Why.

Smith (astonished)—Why, doctor! What made you move? You had such a large practice out there, and—

Doctor (disconsolately interrupting)—Yes; but—they all died!—Judge.

A Seasonable Ailment.

Doctors now with colic grapple,
Time employ,
For the green, forbidden apple
Tempts the boy.
—Boston Courier.

Rapid for Once.

"Snails aren't always slow."

"Djever see a fast one?"

"Yes. I dropped one from the Eiffel Tower one day last summer, and he got down before I could."—Harper's Bazar.

A Busy Wife.

Cobwigger—Boscawan is very good to his wife. He keeps two nurse girls to look after the children.

Brown—He has to. His wife keeps three dogs.—Life.

It Would Be Too Risky.

"Mamma, let me hold the baby, will you?"

"No, dear; mother is afraid you might let him fall on Fido."—Life.

Of Course.

Kitty—Freddie, what's a widower?

Freddie—Why, Kitty, don't you know? Of course it's the husband of a widow.—Journal of Education.

She Only Dropped It.

Mistress—Did you break this vase?

Servant—'Deed I didn't, mum. I jes let hit drap, an' den hit broke hitse'f up.—Texas Siftings.

THE FINEST DISPLAY

—OF—

FANCY GOODS!

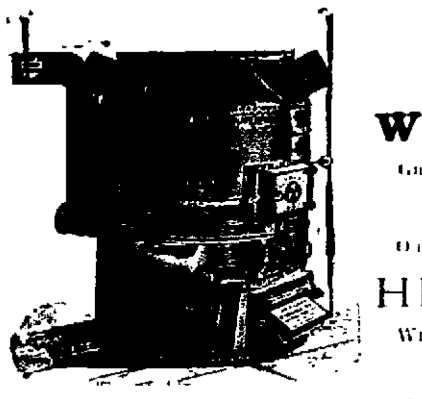
TO SELECT FROM FOR A—

WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, CRYSTAL OR CHINA WEDDING PRESENT

—IS AT—

THE PEOPLES' STORE.

S. & F. R. SAITER



AGENTS FOR THE

ECONOMY

Warm Air Furnaces!

Guaranteed to heat a 6 to 8 room house with 6 to 8 tons of coal.

Our Fall Stock of all the New and Improved

HEATING STOVES!

Wrought Steel Ranges, Grates, Mantles, Enameled and Glazed Tiles are now on our floors.

Call and See Us. We Want Your Trade!

BARGAINS

—IN—

Boots and Shoes and Rubbers

Ladies' and Gents' Hand Welt Shoes $2.50 to $5.00.

The Best the market can afford. Good Goods and Low Prices. Goods all new, bought before the recent rise in Stock. We pay spot cash and sell for cash so we can give you Bargains. We sell

Furbush & Brown's Boots and Shoes,

Hand Made and warranted, L. M. Reynold's Fine Shoes, Rochester's best makes in Ladies Fine Shoes.

W. S. BOWERS, Cor. Main and Center Sts.

COAL!

AT LOW PRICES

—AT—

L. B. GURLEY'S.

OFFICE, NORTH OF JAIL.

TELEPHONE, NO. 67

FOR RENT—Dwelling house of five rooms, on Canal street, west of gas house. Inquire of Mrs. Jennie Uhl, at the above location. 222 tf

FOR RENT—Dwelling of four rooms on north East street. Inquire of James Molloy. 251-ll

FOR RENT—Rooms, second floor Centennial block. Newly papered, suitable for light housekeeping. 248w1 J. G. LEFFLER, Grocer.

FOR RENT—Two rooms in Cummin block, either together or separately, furnished or unfurnished. Inquire at the People's Store. [252tf

LOTS FOR SALE—On Greenwood and George streets, one square north of Huber shops. Easy terms, to suit purchaser. Inquire of F. E. Heise. [was204tf

WANTED—A competent girl to do general housework, good wages paid to the suitable one. Inquire at 23 Silver street.

$75.00 TO $250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities.

B. F. JOHNSON & CO.,
1009 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

—The Sterling Stove. 229mf

—Cunningham, the plumber.

—Moonstone, friendship rings at Ryder's.

—Elegant gold and gold filled watches at Ryder's.

—Plenty nice sweet potatoes cheap, at Coffy & Stone's. [illegible]

—Extra select and standard oysters at 12 Moore & Dietrick's.

—Extra nice hams and breakfast bacon. 251-45 COFFY & STONE.

—Get our prices on lamps and queensware before buying. 254t3. J. W. [illegible]

—See Prendergast at once if you wish to buy your winter's supply of hard or soft coal. Their prices are extremely low. 180-tf

THE MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF

School Books!

AND SUPPLIES AT

LOWEST PRICES.

In the city. Second hand School Books for sale, and bring your current editions of old books, which will be taken in exchange for new ones, at

C. G. Wiant's.

—Silver plated hollow ware, at cost, at Ryder's.

—Cranberries, oranges, lemons and bananas. 251-45. COFFY & STONE.

—You can always find plenty of good table butter at J. W. Thew's. 254t3

—New York cream cheese, at 12 Moore & Dietrick's.

—Three houses for rent. Inquire of J. H. Vaughan, north Main street. 246tf

—The worst cases of scrofula, salt rheum and other diseases of the blood, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

—Charles Haberman, who has been employed at Hocken's for some time, resigned today to accept a position in the office of the Huber M'f'g Co.

—The only place in the city to get the famous Anheuser-Busch, Budweiser, St Louis beer is at George Schwenturth's. Also imported schweitzer cheese, and home-made wines at Schwenturth's. 250tf

—Mr and Mrs J. [illegible] Kishler left at noon today for [illegible] to attend the funeral of Mrs Lora Miller who died there Friday. Mrs Miller was well known here before she was married, having visited Mrs Kishler here.

—The little Scioto is on a rampage and the vicinity is flooded. The pumping station of the waterworks is cut off from the city by the floods but fortunately located [illegible] dry. Supt Stillwell has been unable to reach the station for the past [illegible] days.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] enough to cause him to lay off.

GET THE BEST

Hard or Soft

COAL

Linsley & Lawrence,

West Street, Between Railroads.

A NARROW ESCAPE

Dr. Jacob Hecker Meets With an Accident that Nearly Costs Him His Life.

Dr. Jacob Hecker, living on Windsor street, met with an accident, Friday afternoon, that might have resulted more serious than it did. He was driving on the Big Island pike and his horse scared at something near the Scioto bridge. The buggy was upset and Mr. Hecker thrown out and on a fence surrounded by water. The horse in some manner got over the fence, drawing the buggy after it, and Mr. Hecker caught hold of the buggy and was pulled about a half mile up the stream into a cornfield, and where the water was low enough to permit him to walk. He walked out and on dry land, and afterwards got the horse and wrecked buggy out. After drying his clothes at a neighboring farm house he returned home.

It was a very narrow escape from drowning, and the doctor does not care to pass through an experience of the same kind again.

Republican Corporation Caucuses.

The Republican voters of the several wards of Marion will meet on Monday evening, Sept. 15, at 7:30 p.m., at the following places, for the purpose of selecting delegates to the county convention to be held at Marion, Saturday, Sept 20, also delegates to the Congressional convention to be held at Carey, O., Wednesday, Sept. 17.

First ward will meet at Agricultural room, court house.

Second ward will meet at Mayor's office.

Third ward will meet at City Hall.

Fourth ward will meet at Geo. D. Copeland's office.

Under the call of the county executive committee the wards will be entitled to the following number of delegates to the county convention: First ward 8 delegates; Second ward 5; Third ward 8; Fourth ward 6.

The basis of representation to the Congressional convention will be as follows: First ward 3; Second ward 1; Third ward 2, Fourth ward 2.

They will at the same time select their ward committeemen for the ensuing year and transact such other business as may come before the meeting.

R. C. EWART, First Ward,
JOHN S. DUDLEY, Second Ward,
S. A. COFFY, Third Ward,
H. B. HANE, Fourth Ward.

Probate Court.

S. Fogleson, administrator of the estate of Benjamin Baldwin, deceased, filed petition to sell real estate, notice ordered and issued.

Harvey Boynton and C. M. Boynton, executors of the estate of Amos A. Boynton, deceased, filed first and final account.

H Hunter and Wm Hipsher, executors of the estate of Uriah Hipsher, filed report of sale of personal property.

N. O. Bremer, administrator of the estate of D. K. Hitt, filed inventory, appraisement and sale bill.

Deed of assignment from Annie F. Clark to Thos. L. Barlow, filed. Bond [illegible], trust accepted, letters issued.

Will Stump Ohio.

Samuel H. Bartram has received a letter from republican headquarters asking him to stump the state during the coming campaign. Mr. Bartram after considering the matter has decided to accept the call, and has so informed the state committee. He has always been a staunch Republican, and is a [illegible] reputation as an orator.

To Dispel Colds.

[illegible] to cleanse the system effectually, yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs.

Notice.

[illegible] of the Huber Beneficial Association [illegible] Assessment No. 21 will be collected Monday, Sept. 15. By order of directors.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Rain; warmer weather, followed by falling temperature; variable winds.

☞ A few Patterns of Chinchilla Dress Goods just opened. They are very choice. WARNER & EDWARDS.

☞ The Stylish Plaid Suit Patterns, in new colorings, are very much admired. WARNER & EDWARDS.

☞ In selecting Dress Goods, ask to see Our Broad Cloths and Plain Dress Goods, with Velvets and Fringes to match, and the Stylish steel Trimmings. WARNER & EDWARDS.

☞ Many new weaves have just been added to our Black Dress Goods Stock. Almas, Camels Hair, Serges, Melrose and our Famous Henriettas, in both Silk Wrap and All Wool. WARNER & EDWARDS.

☞ It is time to buy Winter Underwear. Camels Hair and Natural Wool take the lead; they are warm, do not shrink, and are durable. We have a very large stock of Underwear at low prices for Men, Ladies and Children. WARNER & EDWARDS.

☞ At this time of the year there is quite a demand for Jackets. We have a fresh stock of the stylish things, in just the right lengths, made of stockinette, Cheviots, Diagonals and Beavers. We can also fit the Girls and Misses with stylish, durable Jackets. Our Winter Cloaks, and Plush Goods are on sale. We think they are the best value we ever had. Your careful attention is called to them. WARNER & EDWARDS.

COAL

Buy your Coal of Prendergasts and save money. Best Quality.

BARGAINS!

300 yards of Ribbon to be sold regardless of cost. Also a mammoth line of Silk Umbrellas. Call and examine qualities and get prices.

D. A. FRANK & CO.

White Front in the Masonic Block.

ANNOUNCEMENTS!

EDITOR STAR:—Please announce my name as a candidate for the office of Probate Judge of Marion county, Ohio, on the Republican ticket, subject to the decision of the county convention. Sept. 20th, 1890. T. H. B. BEALE.

EDITOR STAR:—Please announce the name of George E. Lawrence as a candidate for probate judge, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention. His candidacy deserves favorable consideration.

MANY REPUBLICANS.

EDITOR STAR:—Many Republicans have requested C. F. Garberson to make the canvass for probate judge and we understand he is a candidate for the position. There is no reason why he should not make a hot contest and secure a liberal support of all who prize competency in office. ***

Low Rates to the Ohio State Fair.

The Ohio State Fair opens Sept. 15th, and closes Sept. 19th, for which occasion the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo railway will sell excursion tickets from Marion to Columbus and return at the very low rate of $1.40 for the round trip. Tickets will be good going on all regular and special trains from Sept. 15th to 19th inclusive, and good returning until Saturday, Sept. 20th, inclusive.

On Sept. 16th, 17th and 18th, a special train will leave Marion at 5:40 a.m., arriving at Columbus 7:15 a.m., returning special train will leave Columbus at 9:40 p.m., running as far north as Upper Sandusky only. Other trains leave Columbus at 5:00 a.m. and 10:05 a.m. and 3:45 p.m. The State Fair will be more attractive than ever this year. Acres of machinery will be in motion; trotting, pacing and running races each day. Don't fail to attend the State Fair.

Notice to Pastors.

There will be a meeting of the Marion Ministerial Association, in the parlor of Hotel Marion, next Monday, at half-past 10 o'clock.

W. F. THOMAS, Sec.

There are
many white soaps,
each
represented to be
"just as good as the Ivory."
They are not,
but like
all counterfeits,
they lack
the peculiar
and remarkable
qualities of
the genuine.
Ask for
Ivory Soap
and
insist upon having it.
'Tis sold everywhere.

NOW

—IS—

THE TIME

To do careful and painstaking Paper Hanging and all Interior Decorating. We are now receiving New Specialties in Wall Paper, Room Mouldings, Curtains, Draperies, Etc., to meet the best class of mid-season work.

JOHN LANDON,

West Center Street.

OPPORTUNITY

—IS—

BALD-HEADED!

There are many
Life Insurance Companies,
each represented to be
just as good as the
Mutual Benefit, but
examination of its policies
will show that they have
endorsed on them in
plain figures after two years:
CASH VALUES, LOAN VALUES,
EXTENDED INSURANCE VALUES,
PAID-UP POLICY VALUES.
These privileges are
priceless and peerless,
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absolutely free from forfeiture in
two years.
Forty-five years experience;
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Statements given on
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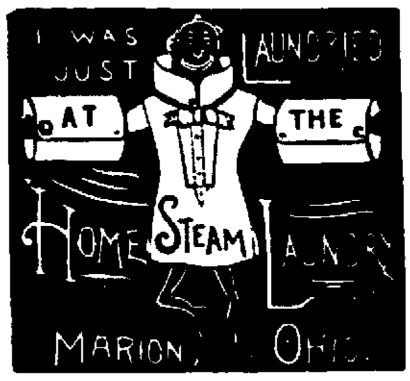

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You contemplate a purchase of Furniture do not fail to call at

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THE BRINKERHOFF SYSTEM OF RECTAL TREATMENT.

Piles, Fistula, Fissure, Polypus, Rectal Ulceration and Chronic Diarrhœa cured without the use of knife, ecrasure or cautery. No anæsthetics! No detention from business! 300,000 operations performed with the system and no deaths!

SYMPTOMS:—Pain, bleeding, burning or protrusion at time of or after stool; aching in lower portion of back and in the limbs; frequent urination; passages of mucus and mattery substance; itching about anus; constipation, followed as disease progresses by diarrhœa.

Reference, on application, to prominent citizens of Marion whom I have treated.

DR. E. A. THORP, of Drs. BRINKERHOFF & THORP, will be at Marion, Ohio, at

	HOTEL	DAY OF WEEK.	SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.
	Marion,	Thursday.	18	16	13	11	8

And on Thursday every four weeks thereafter. Address all communications to Drs. Brinkerhoff & Thorp, 80 Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

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Are prepared to furnish the finest turnouts in the city.

New Horses

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Have been added to the stock. Gentle Horses for Ladies.

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